

# The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review  
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXIV  
Old Series

APRIL, 1899

No. 862

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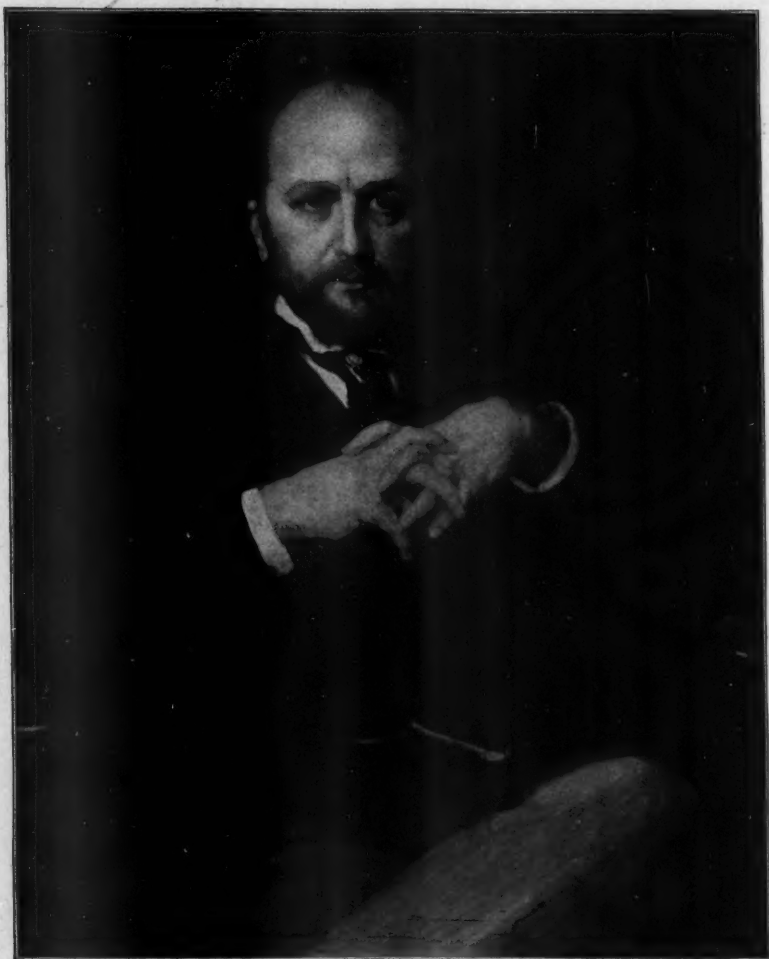


Photo. by Hollyer, London

Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.

MR. HENRY JAMES

(From the portrait by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt)



# The Critic

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## The Lounger

So Mr. Henry Norman has decided to forsake the field of journalism for those greener fields that lie about his Hampshire farm. If Mr. Norman proves to be as good a farmer as he is a journalist, he will be among the few who make farming pay. He has long had the idea in his mind, and the last time he was in America he spent a small fortune in buying farming implements. Of course he will not drop the pen entirely for the plow, but will continue to write books and to send a cable letter every week to the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*. Mr. Norman's wife, the "Girl in the Karpathians," is also devoted to country life and has been living at "the farm" for some time, certainly for two or three years. It seems to me that Mr. and Mrs. Norman have mapped out an ideal life, and I hope that they will live long to enjoy it.



There are few men of letters more worthy a monument than Irwin Russell, who, had he lived, would have ranked among American classic authors, and I am glad to see that there is a movement on foot thus to honor him. Although he died young, Irwin Russell lived long enough to prove that he was a genius of a rare order. His was a sad, isolated life, and no one realized it more than the poet himself when he wrote:

" No marble monument will rise  
Above that grave of mine;  
No loving friends will wipe their eyes  
When life I shall resign."

Russell was mistaken; loving friends did wipe their eyes when he died, and bitter were their tears. Now they propose to prove how little he understood their admiration and loyalty by raising a "marble monument" above his grave.



Photo. by

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE  
(From a painting by M. Jan van Beers)

Ad. Braun

Mr. van Beers can hardly be said to have done Miss de Wolfe justice in this portrait, but at the same time it has many of the characteristics of her face, and is more satisfactory as a likeness than are most portraits. Miss de Wolfe is now playing in that very successful play "Catherine," and while her part is not the most desirable, in many ways, she plays it with force and finish. Miss de Wolfe, by the way, lives in a most interesting house, with her friend Miss Elisabeth Marbury. It stands on the corner of Irving Place and Seventeenth Street, and is said to be the house that was presented to Washington Irving by a number of his admirers. No one can pass the house without noticing it. It does not look at all like a city house, but more like a Colonial homestead. It is of brick, painted yellow, and has balconies and bay-windows jutting out in unexpected places. It was only half the size when Irving lived there; being a bachelor he did not need a very large house, though even now it is not large. It covers the whole of a small city lot and there is no yard.

I do not know any two people who live more delightfully than Miss Marbury and Miss de Wolfe, and I think that one secret of it is that they are both women of business and that they are both successful. Miss Marbury, as everyone knows, is the business representative of nearly every playwright of any distinction. Sardou, Barrie, Hall Caine, Clyde Fitch—to mention but four of the thirty or forty of her clients,—all put their business in her hands, and after several years of experience of her methods they are more than satisfied with the result. Miss Marbury's first client, I believe, was Mrs. Burnett, for whom she placed and managed "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She made such a success of that that everyone who had a play to dispose of came to her, so that now when a playwright wants to sell a play he goes to Miss Marbury, and when a manager wants to buy a play he goes to Miss Marbury. She is the middlewoman, if I may coin a word, who stands between the author and the stage, and great is their reward—and hers.



The Landor of the "Letters" just published by Messrs. Lippincott is not a savage Landor at all, but a gentle, genial Landor, who writes pretty sentiments to a young girl. These "Letters" cover a long period—from 1838 to 1863,—leaving Landor an old man, in his eighty-ninth year, with eyesight and hearing going and two front teeth gone. He has just been reading Washington Irving, of whom he says: "None of our present writers writes such pure English; he reminds me of Addison, but has more genius and a richer invention. Perhaps on the whole he is more like



Courtesy of

J. B. Lippincott Co.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ABOUT 1840

(From a sketch by W. Fowler)

Goldsmith." The editor of the "Letters," Mr. Stephen Wheeler, says of this portrait sketch of Landor that there is a touch of caricature in it, but nevertheless "it is a more natural, a more convincing likeness than the oil painting by the same artist in the National Portrait Gallery. It is unmistakably Landor in his less serene moments; whether irate at the shocking rascality of kings or in wrath at the imagined larceny of his spectacles, one cannot tell."

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I like this portrait of Mr. Archer sitting on his piazza railing, and I am very sure that it is more of a likeness than Mr. Beerbohm has

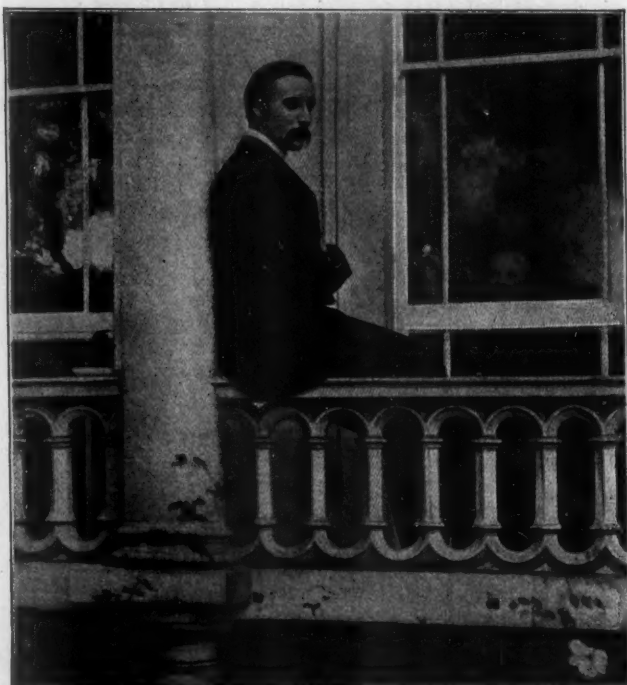


Photo. by

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER

E. Walker

given in his picture of the merry war recently waged in London between Mr. Archer and Mr. George Moore. The likeness of Mr. Moore, however, is not so bad. (See page 312.)

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It was a very clever idea of Lord Frederick Hamilton or Mr. Astor, or whoever originated it, to send Mr. William Archer to this country to examine into and write up our dramatic conditions. They need writing up by an outsider, one who comes to see what is going on with fresh eyes, who will listen with ears that are not attuned to the old

ways—that is, our old ways—and who will write intelligently and without prejudice of what he sees and hears. He will see a good deal because there is a good deal to see, and so far as New York is concerned he comes at a good time. He did not see John Drew here, but he saw him elsewhere, and he went to Harlem to see the "Catherine" company. It would be very entertaining to go around with Mr. Archer, especially to those theatres that are more or less racy—but then I think that he will find a certain raciness in all our theatres. All American actors have their own individuality, be it good or bad.



Notman Photo. Co.

MISS MARY ANTIN

Boston

Miss Mary Antin, the clever little Jewess discovered by Mr. Zangwill in Boston, and of whom Miss Josephine Lazarus writes so sympathetically on another page, is described as small even for fifteen years. She is desperately poor, but her parents have managed to send her to school, and though only four years ago she could speak nothing but Yiddish, to-day she is well up with the students of her age in the Boston Latin School. Influential people are not likely to lose sight of the child to whom their attention has been drawn, but her mind must not be forced. There is almost as much danger in a forcing process as in neglect.



The lines below describe the feelings of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy on seeing his wife, Miss Cissy Loftus, giving her imitations in a music-hall. They are reproduced from a book of Miss Loftus's "Imitations," about to be published by Mr. R. H. Russell.



Courtesy of

R. H. Russell

"A VISION OF ARCADY"

" Through a fever of painted faces,  
 A revel of flesh,  
 Through flutter of lifted laces  
 And strident thresh  
 Of a music, barbarous, loud,  
 Through a leering, laughing crowd,  
 Wanders a wonderful thing,  
 A girl with the grace of Spring.

" A beautiful maiden blossom,  
 A girl like a rose,  
 As pale as the pale flower's bosom,  
 As pure as its snows.  
 Dark are her tresses; her eyes  
 Candid and blue as the skies;  
 How from Arcadia beguiled  
 Wanders this wonderful child.

" Her face with its careless sweetness,  
Her ribbon-bound hair,  
Her dress with its simple neatness,  
Her indolent air,  
Calm in that clamorous space,  
Seem out of tune, out of place,  
As if some nymph of the glade  
Appeared at a masquerade.

" She seems in that throng, she only,  
As free as a faun  
In the still, green forest, as lonely  
And cool as the dawn  
Breathing on feverish eyes  
When a night of revel dies,  
And longings for streams and trees  
Arise with the rising breeze."

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THE "YANKEE DOODLE HOUSE"

Fort Crailo, or the "Yankee Doodle house," as it is familiarly called, is still standing at Greenbush on the Hudson. It was in this house that "Yankee Doodle," the most popular and characteristic American song, was written, during the proprietorship of Gen. Johannes van Rensselaer, and it is now proposed to raise \$10,000 to buy the house and grounds and put them in order. The house was built early in 1600, and is now somewhat out of repair. It was originally owned by the first Patroon, Kiliaen van Rensselaer, and has been owned by his descendants until quite recently. There should be enough patriotism in America to save this historic landmark. If there is not it will be torn down within a very short time, as the present owner cannot afford to wait the tardy patriotism of Colonial Dames and others. Donations to the fund may be sent to Mrs. A. H. Strong or Miss Van Rensselaer, Inwood, New Brunswick, N. J.

Readers of the *Evening Post*—and who is not a reader of that fearless and able journal?—have become familiar with the pleasant contributions signed "Idler." They have always been given a conspicuous place, the first column next to the editorial page, and as they have never appeared at any regular times, but only now and then, they were waited for with some of the sensations that one feels in putting one's hand into a grab-bag. On sitting down, after dinner, with the *Post* in one's hand, the



MR. ELIOT GREGORY  
"IDLER"

first thing, after reading the editorials, was to see what "Idler" had to say, and if he were not there, one felt as though he had been cheated out of his rights. For a long time, the identity of "Idler" was a mystery. I remember, when I first read his column, I imagined that he was an old man, his memory seemed to go back so far. Then again, I thought that it must be a woman; there was a feminine touch here and there in the column. Then I decided that it was neither, and concluded that it was someone writing with the knowledge of a man past middle age and the intuitions of a woman. The column attracted so much attention that publishers, ever on the outlook for salable books, wrote to the anonymous "Idler" making him excellent offers for his collected

articles. Messrs. Scribner were the lucky ones, and, a short time ago, brought out a volume of "Idler's" talks with the name of Eliot Gregory on the title-page. This name is picturesque enough to seem like an assumed one, but Mr. Gregory is too well known in New York for any such assumption to gain ground.



Mr. Eliot Gregory is a young man, and he is an artist as well as a writer. He has a most delightful studio, near Madison Square, just under the rows of electric lights that flare the circulation of certain New York dailies. From the street, you cannot even recognize the windows of Mr. Gregory's apartment, but they are there, good-sized windows, too, on certain sides; one, a north window for painting pictures by, then smaller windows facing south and east, the latter filled with growing plants and flowers. Although a building devoted to business offices and shops, Mr. Gregory's rooms are as unlike business as possible. They suggest literature and art only. Before he became a painter, Mr. Gregory tried sculpture, and exhibited at the Salon, but his health would not permit of his going on with that art, so he turned to painting, which he studied in some of the best studios in Paris. Indeed, I think that he spent about twelve years altogether in France; and he goes there every summer.



It was Mr. Godkin who suggested writing to Mr. Gregory. They were dining together, and the latter told a particularly good story, which Mr. Godkin begged him to write out for the *Post*. Mr. Gregory laughed at the idea, for he had never written a line for publication in his life, though he comes honestly by his writing talent, being a grand-nephew of Fenimore Cooper. He wrote the article, however, and as it attracted instant attention, he followed it up with others. Now he is writing for the *Times* and *Commercial Advertiser*, and it would not surprise me if he should, sooner or later, try his hand at fiction. Publishers, as a rule, will tell you that essays, like poetry, do not pay, but it has not been so in the case of Mr. Gregory any more than it has been in the case of Mr. Chapman, both of whose books are published by Messrs. Scribner, by the way. The first sales of the "Idler's" gossip amounted to over five thousand copies, and it is still selling. While this would not be a great sale for a novel, it is an unusual sale for a book of its class. No wonder his publishers are asking for more, and that Mr. Gregory is gathering his sheaves for a new volume.



The autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant is promised. It will be edited by her friend, Mrs. Coghill, and will contain many interesting letters to and from her literary contemporaries. Mrs. Oliphant lived a quiet life, but even quiet lives have their tragedies, and her's was no exception, as every one knows now that she is dead.



MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS

(From a lithograph by Mr. Will Rothenstein, reproduced in *The Dome*)

This is the latest portrait of the young English poet Mr. Stephen Phillips. Like all of Mr. Rothenstein's sketches, it is interesting and characteristic.



Mr. John Hare made an unusually entertaining and clever speech at the Playgoers' dinner, during which he said that as a man of genius he admired Ibsen; as an acting playwright he frankly detested him. To him he seems like that very precious and costly form of green tea, unpalatable to drink by itself, but invaluable for mixing purposes. One drop of Ibsen in a wineglass of Pinero was a stimulating and invigorating mixture, but he confessed he did not like him neat! I wonder how many people there are who have the same views, but hesitate to express them. That drop of Ibsen, by the way, is very noticeable in some of Mr. Pinero's later plays, and it shows how powerful the Ibsen concoction is that one drop can give such a flavor to the whole. It is like the drop of tabasco in a plate of soup. You can't see it, but you can taste it strong enough. There's no getting away from it.



Here we have Browning in a new rôle. In a recent number of *The Sketch* I find these drawings with a letter from Mr. G. S. Layard in which he says:

"By a curious chance, just at this important crisis in the poem's career I have come across Browning's own pictorial conceptions of the Piper himself and of what I take to be the

" 'one who was lame  
And could not dance the whole of the way.' "



From The Sketch



MR. BROWNING'S IDEA OF THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

If I am right in this conjecture, his expression shows it to have represented him just at the moment when he

" 'became assured  
[His] lame foot would be speedily cured.' "

That of the Pied Piper is, of course, of paramount interest, for here we have the poet's autograph presentment of the protagonist of the poem. Here is the strange figure who

" 'was tall and thin,  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and in—  
There was no guessing his kith and kin.' "

The drawings, here reproduced somewhat smaller than the originals, were given to their present owner forty years ago, and have just been unearthed in time to be confronted with their latest apographs."

In his "Fragments of an Autobiography," which Messrs. Harper will have published by the time this magazine is off the press, Mr. Felix Moscheles tells some interesting anecdotes of Browning. Mr. Moscheles is an artist, and Browning, as everyone knows, took a lively interest in art. He used to sit in his friend's studio when the latter was painting and he would often suggest names for his pictures. Once he gave him a few lines of verse inspired by his painting called "The Isle's Enchantress." They ran:

" And as I wandered by the happy shores,  
And breathed the sunset air of balmy climes,  
I waking dreamt of some transcendent shape—  
A woman's—framed by opalescent shells,  
Peacefully lulled by nature's harmonies."

That does not sound the least bit like Browning, and I am not at all surprised that he did not like it, but a day or two later substituted the following:

" Wind-wafted from the sunset, o'er the swell  
Of summer's slumb'rous sea, herself asleep,  
Came shoreward, in her iridescent shell  
Cradled, the isle's enchantress. You who keep  
A drowsy watch beside her—watch her well!"

This is more like, but even yet I think I see the hand of Mr. Moscheles in it. He admits that he gave the idea in the rough to the poet, upon whom he had to expend all his arts of persuasion to get him to acknowledge the poem's authorship. His recollections of Browning show him to have been one of the kindest and most considerate of men as well as one of the greatest of poets. When the painter felt discouraged about his work, Browning would cheer him up by telling of his own failures, how for many years not a poem of his was read or could find a publisher willing to take it. "To be sure one must live long enough," he added, quoting from "Philip von Artevelde"—

" Then comes the man who has the luck to live,  
And he's a miracle."

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I am sorry to hear that Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are going to move up to Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, not for their sakes, but for my own. On their account I think the move a wise one, but I like to have all the publishers and booksellers together so that I can stroll from one to the other without loss of time. The proximity of bookstores creates a bookish atmosphere, and I know of none more delightful to breathe. I have followed the book centre from below Bond Street, and I shall continue to follow it. There have been a good many changes in the book business since I have been intimately acquainted with it, but nearly all of the big houses are still in business. The same members of the firm may not be living, but their names, worn by their sons and nephews, serve to keep their memory green. The

house of Harper is the only one that has not moved in the last twenty-five years. Ever since I have known it, and I knew two of the original four brothers, it has been at the same place, and always will be, I imagine. It is a long distance from Eighth Street to Thirty-fifth, but Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have made it in the past ten years, stopping for a rest at Nineteenth Street, and again at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. Now, taking a long breath, they will jump a little over half a mile.



Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the fortunate publishers of Tolstoy's forthcoming novel, "Resurrection," the first of his books to be protected by copyright—the first, at least, so far as this country is concerned. Those who have read the manuscript say that it is a strong "human document," with a plot not unlike "The Scarlet Letter." Tolstoy declines to use for himself the money the book will earn, but will give every penny of it to the Doukhoborti emigration fund. "Resurrection" will be published simultaneously in seven different languages. It will run serially through *The Cosmopolitan* magazine in this country, beginning in April, and through the weekly edition of the London *Daily Chronicle*.



This is all that Messrs. Appleton can give me by way of a portrait of Mr. Frank T. Bullen, whose "Cruise of the Cachalot" is reviewed at length in this number of THE CRITIC. Messrs. Appleton are fortunate in having another book by Mr. Bullen almost ready for the press.



Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

MR. FRANK T. BULLEN



Readers of the London *Spectator* will remember the animal stories that appeared in that journal, where, though they seemed more or less out of place, they were always welcome because they were so readable. These stories have now been collected and are published in book form by the New Amsterdam Book Co. with a number of striking illustrations. One chapter I note, "Goats in Cities," ought to find interested readers in New York, where the goat as a local institution has held its own from time immemorial.



More Dickensiana are promised. Mr. Kitton's volume on the illustrations for Charles Dickens's books will shortly be followed by one which Mr. J. Grego is editing. Mr. Grego's book will be published in London by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, under the title "Pictorial Pickwickiana." The more the merrier. Anything relating to Thackeray or Dickens is always welcome.



W. Nicholson

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

Courtesy of R. H. Russell

### Recessional.

God of our Fathers known of old -  
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line -  
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
 Dominion over Palm and Pine -  
 Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

Rudyard Kipling.

MS. OF FIRST STANZA OF "RECESSIONAL"

The rejoicing over the recovery of Mr. Kipling is not confined to this country and England alone. From all over the world anxious inquiries have come. Even crowned heads have sent words of consolation and, also, of appreciation. Nothing, however, has been heard from the royal family in England, which seems rather strange, considering Mr. Kipling's enthusiastic imperialism. Of course, there is something back of it—but what? While there is general rejoicing over Mr. Kipling's recovery, it is attended with sadness for the death of his eldest daughter. Ever since the Kiplings came to America, they have had trouble of one sort or another. Just before they left for England the last time, Mr. Kipling's brother-in-law made life a burden to him, not so much that Mr. Kipling feared his threats, as because of the publicity given to family matters. Mr. Kipling had, and has, the sympathy of all of his neighbors in Vermont, and of everyone who knows his brother-in-law. Mr. Balestier was just about to make himself obnoxious again, by bringing suit against Mr. Kipling, when the latter was taken down with his serious illness.



From the N. Y. Herald

MR. KIPLING'S HOUSE, ROTTINGDEAN, ENGLAND

It may be said of Mr. Kipling that he is the only man who has ever had a periodical devoted entirely to his sayings and doings. Messrs. M. F. Mansfield and A. Wessels have just published the first number of a monthly periodical called *The Kipling Note-Book*, which contains nothing that does not relate to Mr. Kipling. It is said that the distinguished author, when he heard of this publication, was annoyed by it, as he naturally might be, for while it may contain some facts, it is likely to contain a good deal of fiction, for more nonsense has been published about Mr. Kipling than about any other man who has so little nonsense about him.



Not long before his illness, a friend said to Mr. Kipling: "I suppose you are very proud now, being the father of a fine boy." "Yes," said he; "it is very nice to have a boy in the family, but I don't want anything better than Josephine. She and I are great chums. We take long walks together and talk over my stories before they are written. She is a wise little thing and we have some rare good times."

Just a day or two before Mr. Kipling's illness, he was kind enough to send me the first stanza of the "Recessional" in his own autograph. I need hardly say that it is a prized memento. Of all the poems that Kipling has written, there is probably none that has been so widely read and universally admired as this.

I hear that a biography of Mr. Coventry Patmore is in preparation. As Mr. Patmore was on terms of intimacy with most of the distinguished Englishmen of his time, the book cannot fail to be interesting. I understand that it will contain correspondence with Tennyson, Browning, and other men of letters.

Mr. David Gray, whose "Gallops" were a popular feature of last year's *Century*, has written for the same magazine a series of Golf stories, similar in general character to his stories of steeplechasing, etc. As a book, "Gallops" has cantered speedily into its fifth thousand, clearing all obstacles with ease, and showing as yet no signs of distress. The author, by the way, is a young man of nine-and-twenty, a Harvard alumnus (class of '92), who followed journalism for a few years, but settled down to the practice of the law in 1897, and means to stick to it for the rest of his days. His intellectual recreation is the writing of an editorial column for the Buffalo *Enquirer* and sporting stories for the magazines.

The announcement that "Hugh Wynne" had been turned into a play and was to be produced by Liebler & Co. seems to have been premature. I have it on the best authority that nothing will or can be done in this connection till the author of the novel has approved the scenario of the play; and as Dr. Mitchell is still wandering about the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, the footfall of the Free Quaker is not likely to be heard very soon upon the buskined stage.

Dr. Weir Mitchell celebrated his seventieth birthday in Cairo on the 15th of February—a favorite birth-month (as a reader of THE CRITIC with a keen scent for coincidences reminds me) among authors, statesmen, artists, etc. On the 8th, Jules Verne celebrated his seventy-first birthday, and Ruskin his eightieth. Lincoln, Darwin, and Lowell were born on the 12th; the first two would have been ninety had they lived till this year, and Lowell eighty. Lord Salisbury entered upon his seventieth year on the 13th. Mendelssohn was born on the 3d,

Michael Angelo on the 18th, and Poe on the 19th. Darwin, Lincoln, Poe, and Mendelssohn had the same birth-year (1809), as well as the same birth-month; while Lowell and Ruskin were both born in February, 1819.

24

Mr. Frank Morris, the Chicago dealer in old and rare books, bought some time ago in London, and for a few shillings, a volume that he holds at many dollars. It is a translation of Cyrano de Bergerac's

"Histoire Comique des États et Empire de la Lune," translated in 1687 by A. Lovell as "Comical History of the States—Empires—Worlds—Moon—Sun." I don't know whether Mr. Morris had heard of Cyrano de Bergerac at that time, but when he saw the volume he said to himself, "That is just the kind of a freak 'Gene Field would crib, if he could, from the best friend he had on earth.'" So he bought it and brought it home to Chicago. This is the same book that the Doubleday & McClure Co. have published with the title "A Voyage to the Moon," and for which Mr. Curtis Hidden Page has supplied an introduction and notes. Readers of M. de Bergerac's book will see the fount from which M. Rostand drew his inspiration. Is it not possible that the author of "The Merchant Prince of Cornville" drank of the same waters?

THE  
Comical HISTORY  
OF THE  
STATES  
AND  
EMPIRES  
OF THE  
WORLDS  
OF THE  
Moon and Sun

Written in French by Cyrano Bergerac.

And newly Englished by A. Lovell, A.M.

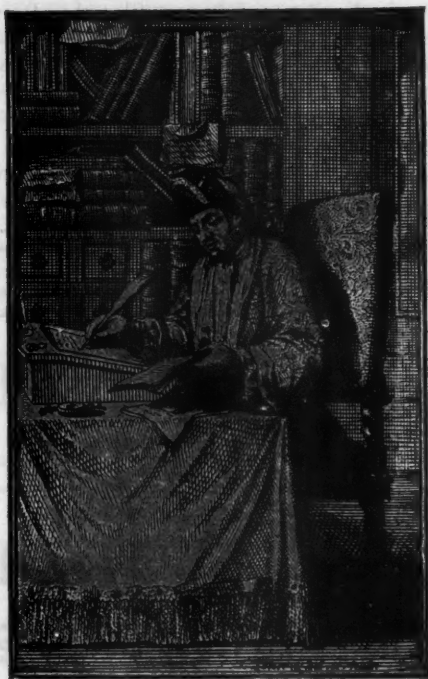
L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Rhodes, next door to the  
Swan-Tavern, near Bride-Lane, in  
Fleet-Street, 1687.

TITLE-PAGE OF BERGERAC'S "COMICAL HISTORY"

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Signora Duse is coming to America in the fall and everyone who appreciates great acting is in a state of delightful excitement over the news. Signora Duse's latest triumph was made in Athens, where she acted in a translation of "Antigone." The intention to produce this play among the ruins of the theatre where it was first acted in the year 5 B.C. was frustrated by the weather. This was a disappointment, but it did not dampen the enthusiasm of her reception in a more modern theatre.



Courtesy of

Doubleday & McClure Co.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC IN HIS STUDY

The most extraordinary success of the book world since "Uncle Tom's Cabin," if we are to believe all reports, is that of "In His Steps," by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of which two million copies are said to have been sold. The author, who is an American, neglected to have his book copyrighted in England, and the consequence is that thirteen different publishers are issuing it in editions ranging in price from half-a-crown to one penny. Now that Mr. Clement Shorter has pronounced it "actually immoral," it is likely to have another and stronger boom.

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American publishers have more of an excuse than ever for going to London this summer. The Congress of Publishers, an organization founded some years ago, which has already sat in Paris and Brussels, is now going to sit in that city. Mr. John Murray, the President of the English Publishers' Association, will be in the chair. Next year's Congress, it is said, will be held in New York, so the publishers will have less excuse for their annual trip across the water, which I am safe in saying they count among the most enjoyable duties of the year. The appetite for going abroad grows with what it feeds upon.

The publication of the verses "Hoch, der Kaiser," in this department of the March *CRITIC*, has called forth several letters. One of them takes me to task for the "poor taste" shown in publishing such "rot," adding, "Even *Munsey* or any other ten-cent magazine does n't glean from the daily press." To this correspondent I would say that I am always glad to glean from any source that yields an abundant harvest. I "gleaned" the "Recessional" from the daily press, the *London Times*, and I would be glad to glean some more verses as good as that or even as good in their way as "Hoch, der Kaiser." Another letter from J. W. D., on the subject of the latter, gives this interesting information:

"This poem was written by the late A. M. R. Gordon of this city, and was first published in the Montreal *Herald* something over a year ago. Gordon was also the author of a poem, in French-Canadian dialect, detailing Sir Wilfrid Laurier's trip to England at the time of the Jubilee, which, published in pamphlet form, had an extraordinary sale, and was warmly praised by literary journals in the United States and England. You may have noticed it at the time. Gordon was a remarkable man. For twenty years or more he had been a Bohemian newspaper man and as such had worked on nearly every important paper in the American and Canadian West. An intractable temper, an abnormal self-pride, and unfortunate personal weaknesses made him but a temporary sojourner in every office he entered, and so he drifted from paper to paper and from town to town. He had been in Montreal for some four or five years at the time of his death, which occurred something over a year ago. It came out after his death that Gordon was an assumed name. He had been, twenty or more years ago, a brilliant Free Church minister in the north of Scotland; but he abandoned his wife, family, church, and name, and became a wanderer on the face of the earth for some unexplained reason. He was a man of brilliant parts and good education, and wherever he went excited admiration for his splendid abilities. That such a man should have died, as he did, the charity patient in a hospital; and have been saved from the corporeal end which awaits pauper patients by the accidental discovery of his remains by a friend who, missing him, had been searching the city for him, shows what tragedies there are in life."

Gordon, by the way, leaves a wife and two children.

We have a great way in this country of giving people names of comparison. The moment one of our actresses makes a success she is the "American Duse" or the "American Bernhardt." This passion for comparison has reached the colored race, and we have the "black Patti" and the "bronze Melba" heading rival companies. I am waiting now to hear of the "chocolate Irving" and the "café-au-lait Terry."

It appears that I was mistaken when I said in the January *CRITIC* that M. Edouard Rod is a "Dreyfusard." As he is not a French citizen and resides in France, he has felt that he should not take sides on a question which so divides the French nation. He has friends in both camps.

Miss Lillian Bell has been attracting considerable attention of late, on account of an address that she delivered before the Chicago Baptist Social Union. In the course of her address, Miss Bell said many strange things, and among them this:

"The Puritan element in America is crippling art. When Boston rejects one of the masterpieces of a genius because it is nude; when a magazine which never permits an artist to picture in its pages a woman in décolleté gown circulates three-quarters of a million copies in a month; when the serial publication of 'Trilby' caused the circulation of a magazine to diminish by several thousand; when the people of a great, educated, and enlightened country like ours say, 'We will have nothing on our walls or on our book-shelves that our daughters cannot look at while in the presence of young men,' then, I say, it is time to lock up your daughters and jail your young men and drive your artists to Europe."

I should say so too, if this were true, but I don't believe that it is. In the first place, Boston did not reject "one of the masterpieces of a genius because it was nude." It rejected it because it did not think it was appropriate to a library. And even if this had been true, Boston is not America. The statue that the Public Library of that city rejected may now be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Then, about the magazine which "never permits an artist to picture in its pages a woman in décolleté gown, and yet circulates three-quarters of a million a month," there is no proof of Miss Bell's argument in that fact. The magazine circulates among a class of people who would be shocked by the exhibition they could see any night in the boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House. They take the periodical in question because it does not offend their moral sense. But they do not represent America. They represent a certain portion of it. You will find the same thing in England; the middle-class or lower-middle-class magazines there would expurgate literature and art just as quickly as would the American magazine referred to. As to "Trilby" having caused the circulation of *Harper's Magazine* to diminish by several thousand, I think, unless I have been misinformed, that it raised the circulation. One class of readers may have fallen off, but a larger number took its place. And what about the book? There was no expurgating, so far as I know, in that, nor in Mr. Hardy's "Jude," both of which had a large sale in America. I very much doubt whether the people of this "great, educated, and enlightened country" are as prudish about their walls and book-shelves as Miss Bell would have us think. I am quite sure that there are pictures openly displayed in Paris shop-windows that would not find a place on the walls of American homes, but there are very few people in this country, certainly very few reading and thinking people, who banish photographs of the old masters from their walls, or classic authors from their book-shelves. I would let a young girl read "Trilby," or "The Scarlet Letter," or "Jane Eyre," or anything that Thackeray or Dickens wrote, with some of Fielding, Smollett, and Balzac thrown in;



but I would not let her read the novels of Mr. George Moore, or Mr. Hardy's "Jude, the Obscure."

"It is the American girl to-day," Miss Bell insists, "who keeps your sculptors at work on portrait busts, your artists at *genre* pictures, and your authors to novels which deal with the labor question, the struggles of the *nouveau riche*, the making of money, and flabby love tales." Here, again, I think Miss Bell is talking without facts. It seems to me that Mr. St. Gaudens is doing something in the way of sculpture besides portrait busts; and I think that a visit to the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists, or even to those of the Academy of Design, would show that all our painters are not working on *genre* pictures. Certainly Mr. Kenyon Cox is not. And when you come to literature, I don't remember that Mr. James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady" deals with the labor question, or even the *nouveaux riches*, nor yet Mr. Henry James's "What Maisie Knew." Our authors have a line of their own, which is not that of foreign authors, but I cannot see that their stories are mere "flabby love tales," for that reason.

I am glad that Miss Bell has such a high idea of the pure-mindedness of the American girl. If she could have seen that same American girl flock to see "The Conquerors," "The Turtle," and "Mlle. Fifi," I think she would change her mind. I don't know whether she includes the stage in her strictures, but if she does, she would recast her opinion if she should come to New York. *À propos* of Miss Bell's denunciation of our Puritanism, a friend of mine sent a play to a well-known manager, within a few weeks, which was returned with a letter praising it in most complimentary terms and comparing it with some of the best comedies of the past twenty years, but adding, "It is too sweet and wholesome, and the public don't seem to care for plays of that sort," and again: "I am ashamed to be obliged to write in this strain, but I think that you will agree with me that just *now* it would be hazardous, both to author and manager, to produce plays like this."

Mr. Daniel Frohman, whom I met only the other day, remarked on the change in public ideas of morality. When "Sweet Lavender" was first produced at the Lyceum Theatre, he wrote to Mr. Pinero that certain changes would have to be made to suit the American ideas of propriety. Mr. Pinero resisted stoutly, but finally yielded, and the girl who was illegitimate in the original play was made to be the offspring of a secret marriage in the revised edition. A few years later, however, the original state of affairs was restored, and the public was more pleased with the play than ever. And so it goes from bad to worse—from "Sweet Lavender" to the unsavory "Mlle. Fifi" of to-day.

Mr. Frohman, who used to be an enthusiastic horseback rider, has now become equally enthusiastic as a bicycle rider. In discussing the subject with me the other day, he said that his last horseback ride had cost him ten thousand dollars. "Did you ride a horse worth that amount, and work it to death, or what happened to make your last ride so expensive?" I asked. "I was riding in the Park, with — — —," naming a well-known playwright, "and he gave the outlines of a play to me; it was so attractive that I ordered it. The production cost me ten thousand dollars, and the play was a failure. I have not gone horseback riding since." For fear of meeting that playwright, I suppose.



From the London Daily Chronicle

MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S IDEA OF THE MOORE-ARCHER WAR

An Irish literary theatre has been formed in Dublin with Mr. W. B. Yeats as its founder and head. It will produce two plays in May, Mr. Yeats's "The Countess Kathleen," and Mr. Martyn's "The Heather Field." The patrons of this new venture, to name but a few, are Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Lord Dufferin, Mr. John O'Leary, Miss Jane Barlow, Lord and Lady Ardilaun, the Duchess of St. Albans, and Mr. John Redmond, M.P.

Why is it, asks a correspondent, that the American Opera Company, of which Mrs. Thurber was the leading spirit some ten or twelve years ago, came utterly to grief, notwithstanding high aims, hard work, social support, and a lavish expenditure of money, while the management of the American Theatre is now coining money, year after year, with operatic performances not so good upon the whole, and with an utter lack of fashionable patronage? That opera at the American Theatre is profitable admits of no doubt; it is difficult to get seats unless they are applied for long in advance, and, while Mr. Grau is credited with making a profit of \$100,000 this season at the Metropolitan Opera House, not a dollar of which we New Yorkers are likely to grudge him, the American Theatre's profits will probably not fall far short of half that sum—a splendid result when one considers how hopeless seemed to be the cause of opera in the vernacular up to the time when we took a leaf from Boston's book and began this experiment. The dismal fiasco scored by the American Opera Company was alone enough to discourage all attempts at opera in English. What care and work and money were lavished upon those performances that Theodore Thomas led and in which Mmes. Juch and Hastreiter and MM. Candidus and Ludwig were the chief figures! On one occasion Mme. Nordica was heard as Marguerite in "Faust." I can recall some beautiful stage pictures at the Academy of Music, equal in artistic finish and cost to anything that we have seen since at the Metropolitan. The trouble was that they were too costly. That was the rock upon which the whole enterprise came to grief.

Some friends of the defunct American Opera Company assert that the present prosperity at the commodious house in Eighth Avenue is largely due to the pioneer work done by the earlier company. I doubt it. The success of opera in English that now gives so much satisfaction to New York's music lovers is due, in my humble opinion, first, to the cheap, in fact almost nominal, prices at which good seats may be had; secondly, to the permanent and continuous nature of a scheme that provides eight performances a week for ten months of the year; and, lastly, to the excellence of the performances themselves. This may seem like putting the cart before the horse, but I think that even were the performances a trifle less excellent, the financial results would still be satisfactory, while even were they far better, ruin would surely follow an attempt to double the prices. The fact that this company is a permanent one is more of a factor in the success of the enterprise than one might suspect. People get into the habit of going to hear whatever the American Theatre has to offer when the expense is so small as it is now. The house has actually several thousand subscribers to whom seats are sent regularly every week irrespective of the opera given, simply because they have got into the habit of going and the cost is too small to count. At twenty-five cents for a good seat, an occasional disappointment need not disturb the steady patron.

The long season and nightly performances enable the management to pay better salaries to their people and to get infinitely better results from them. There is the dignity of permanence about employment at the American Theatre that even the choristers appreciate. They are no longer nomads; they can have comfortable homes and live in them. They look upon themselves as members of a permanent and honorable institution and take pride in it just as do the people attached to the royal and ducal opera houses of Germany. No one who has not lived in Europe can conceive how strong is this feeling, or for how much it counts in the excellence of those wonderful *ensemble* performances of which we Americans hear so much. One of the longest words I ever came across was "Königlichehoftheaterlampanzunderassistentstochter," which occurred in the newspaper death notice of a young woman whose father's office was to assist the gentleman who lighted the lamps at the Royal Court Theatre at Munich. The pride of this position was not to be lost sight of even in moments of family bereavement. Some day we may have the employees of our New York opera house, from the leading singers to the men who take the tickets at the door, just as extravagantly proud of their work and taking corresponding pains with it.

Some of our musical journals are deploring the fact, or alleged fact, that the Metropolitan Opera House has taken so much money from the pockets of the music-loving public this season that little has remained for home singers and musicians. Moreover, it is said that our concert singers cannot obtain engagements so long as Mr. Grau stands ready to farm out his famous song-birds to concert organizations, and that as these singers ignore all but foreign music our native composers might as well be dumb. It is pointed out that while the opera has taken in an average of \$50,000 a week, Mr. Paur had to abandon his Sunday night concerts, neither the Philharmonic Society nor the Boston Orchestra has done well, while minor concert givers have been driven from the field altogether, and the cry goes up that Mr. Grau, by paying exorbitant prices to a dozen foreign artists, is doing an injustice to American art. Is not this all a trifle absurd? Mr. Grau does exactly what every other business man must do to live: he buys as cheaply as he can, to sell as dearly as possible. No one will suspect him for a moment of paying one dollar more to his song-birds than he has to. If it was possible to get M. Jean de Reszke to sing for \$100 a night, instead of \$1000, we may be sure that no one would be more eager or more competent to accomplish this than Mr. Grau. He is the one person most interested in getting artists to sing for small salaries.

The simple fact that the public is willing to give a million dollars to hear the very highest class of dramatic music this winter is really a most encouraging one. If native song-birds want to be baked in the

pie, all they have to do is to sing as well as their foreign competitors. Three of them—Mr. Bispham, a Philadelphia Quaker by birth, Mrs. Eames-Story and Mme. Nordica, both New Englanders—have already proved this, for they have been acclaimed by public and critics and are paid high salaries. These immense sums paid by the Metropolitan Opera House management may soon make possible a season of seven or eight months instead of four, and opera every night of the week. If our public had been paying a million dollars this winter to hear Mme. Patti warble Amina's sorrows or other work belonging to the childhood of art, I should find cause for complaint. But when the money has gone for really excellent performances of what all critics agree in hailing as the noblest of operatic works, I can see no ground for protest.



The neat outlines and pretty colors, blue, pink, and other gay tints, in Boutet de Monvel's drawings would please Mr. Ruskin and a great many other people who think that sugar plums are the nicest things in the world. I do not quarrel with their taste; but, for my part, what I like in his work is its rendering of children's character. These little men and women are not only amusing: they have the past and the future in them, qualities of race, and something as yet undefined which will be all their own. They are no precocious gutter-snipes nor victims of too early training in any other direction. They suggest a new beatitude: Blessed are the undeveloped; for of such there is hope. His work that is called important does not appeal to me quite so strongly. In the Joan of Arc series of water-colors he is the talented illustrator able to put before us satisfactorily the battles and visions and ceremonies that we read about, if not to make us feel that we have known the miraculous maid herself. He repeats the legend: he does not make it live. Though there is much good action and expression in the large painting of Joan's first meeting with the Dauphin, the meaning is all but lost in the display of patterns and colors in the dresses of the ladies and attendants. Yet this wealth of pure pigment and sharply drawn details, which, in the pictures of children, aids the grown-up spectator to return to the *puérile et honnête* point of view, should help us also to put ourselves in fancy back in the Middle Ages. It does not do so, because, in the Joan of Arc series, it usurps first place. Due allowance must be made for the decorative purposes of the painting; it is intended to take its place in the church at Domrémy, and it is certainly better adapted for such use than Mr. Abbey's pictures at Boston, which fail as decorations precisely because they are less naïve and more pictorial. His soldiers are remarkably good, and his portraits of women excellent. One of the best of the portraits of children is that of Mme. Rejane's little daughter, in a brown study, instinctively making use of her fingers to collect her thoughts. The artist's family, by the way, has produced several noted actors and actresses—the famous Mlle. Mars among the latter.



A "sad, bad, mad" man of letters was Richard Realf, whose poems and memoir have just been published, singularly enough, by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. The memoir, which is by Mr. Richard J. Hinton, has long been promised, but was delayed until the death of one of Realf's many wives, to whom its publication could not but be painful. Realf came very near being a genius. He certainly had as many vices as genius is supposed to have. There seems, however, to have been some excuse for his vagaries. Mr. Hinton thinks that a blow on the head when he was a young man subjected him to periodic dementia. It is charitable to accept this theory. Realf was born in England of humble people and was at one time in his youth a domestic servant. His talent as a poet soon attracted attention, and he was taken into a rich family as one of its members and there petted and spoiled. Lady Byron was one of his first patrons, and he rewarded her kindness by the conduct of a blackguard. He was virtually kicked out of England, and, like so many men who leave their country for their country's good, he came to America. At no time in his life did Realf try to live by literature alone. He wrote a great deal, and some of his poetry was published in the leading magazines, but he followed other occupations at the same time, not all of them money-making, however. He was one of John Brown's raiders, and took part in the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. In the Civil War he served as an officer in a colored regiment. After the war he was given a small government position, which he was obliged to resign. Mr. Hinton does not believe that he was ever intentionally dishonest, only that he was unbusinesslike. Realf was always unhappy, often desperately so. He seems to have suffered from his matrimonial ventures, yet he was always ready for more. Three wives, all living at the same time, are set down to his credit—or discredit. One of them, being unable to see why she should be deserted and another taken on, made his life so miserable that, not being able to destroy her, he destroyed himself. It was the only thing left for him to do. Like a true poet, he died with a song on his lips. The lines were found beside his dead hand. "Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong," he wrote, and who shall say that this was not true!

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Strangely enough, Realf seems to have been a religious man. I don't know just how deep his feelings lay, but there was something about religion that awed and thrilled him. He professed no particular faith, but tried them all with equal enthusiasm—adventuring even the thorny paths that led to the Oneida community. He was religious as Verlaine was religious, which is not saying much, but it would be unjust to measure such a man by the rules we apply to men who have been more favored by Heaven. He was born to fierce passions, without the strength to control them. The fight was too bitter. He surrendered to Fate—

"And sank there where you see him lying now  
With the word 'Failure' written on his brow."

The Samoan girl's letter which appeared in *The Outlook* of January 28th was written to Miss Annie Louisa Ide, the young girl, so Mrs. Isobel Strong tells me, to whom Stevenson gave his birthday, and who added the name Louisa on that account. Miss Ide's father, Mr. Henry C. Ide, was Chief Justice of Samoa from 1893 to 1897. The writer, Siniua, is a native "high chief" young woman, of more than average intelligence and cultivation for one of her race. She writes:

"Ane e! I thank you again very much for the paper and the pictures of the war. Paga! How fine and strong and victorious are the people of your country! . . .

"The difficulties are growing, and from that I have great fear a war will come, about all these things which I have written to you. I think the King will be Mataafa, and if that is so, it will be the will of the Samoan people, who desire in their hearts that Mataafa should rule them."



It seems as though institutions of learning cannot let Dr. Van Dyke alone. Johns Hopkins tried to get him, others made a try for him, and now Princeton has made a bid with provisions that were so very alluring that he has accepted the call to fill the Murray chair of English literature at that university. His new duties will not make it necessary for Dr. Van Dyke to give up his pastorate of the Brick Church at once, so that New Yorkers and visitors to the city will still have the pleasure of listening to his weekly discourses.

### "From Plotzk to Boston" \*

THIS modest booklet claims signal attention. It is the narrative of a young Russian Jewess, written at the age of eleven, originally in Yiddish, but translated by the young girl herself, two years later, into English, and now published at the suggestion of teachers and friends, the girl being somewhat past fifteen. Mr. Zangwill writes a sympathetic "Foreword," in which he says that, remarkable as are Mary Antin's vivid descriptions, they are not merely a literary curiosity, but a "human document" of considerable value, the record not only of her own personal experience, but also that of the vast mass of Russian immigrants who crowd our shores, and of whom we know so little. The child interests us at once and tells her story with such freshness and simplicity and directness that we make the journey with her, seeing the sights that she sees, receiving the impressions that she receives, sharing the emotions, the hopes and fears and anxieties, the delights and excitements of travel, and, moreover, seeing and feeling them as she does, with the eyes and the heart of a child. At break of day on an April morning, we set out with the little emigrant family, the mother and four children, on their way to rejoin the father, who had preceded them by three years in America; a sleepy little party, as Mary tells us, having sat up all the night before. "And not we alone were sleepy," she

\* W. B. Clarke & Co. See portrait in Lounger.

says; "everything slept, and nature also slept, deeply, sweetly." The crossing of the German frontier, always difficult, was doubly so just now on account of the cholera which was raging in Russia. Owing to unlooked-for obstacles and expense, the Antins were obliged to travel fourth class, and many were the trials and tribulations, the rubs, the discomforts, and even the miseries of the journey. The child notes them merely as incidents of travel, and often finds it hard "not to laugh out loud," she says, "over the comic side; the over-crowded cars, packed so tightly that the nodding heads collided against each other, or some tired sleeper rolled off his seat and over his fellow-travellers on the floor." She comments upon the good nature of the poor passengers. "Few showed a sour face even," she says; "not a man used any strong language (audibly, at least). They smiled at each other as if they meant to say, 'I am having a good time; so are you, aren't you?'" The artless narrative flows on almost like the song of a bird, floating clear and untroubled over rough and thorny places. At Hamburg they embarked upon a stormy sea, where for sixteen days Mary waited in vain for a beautiful sunset. She sat on deck day after day, lost in her own solemn thoughts, she tells us, and deeply impressed by the grandeur of the scene; aware of no human presence, conscious only of sea and sky and something she did not understand. "And as I listened to its solemn voice," she says, "I felt as if I had found a friend, and knew that I loved the ocean. It seemed as if it were within as well as without, a part of myself; and I wondered how I had lived without it, and if I could ever part with it." But it seems almost unfair to quote. The little diary should be read as a whole in order to appreciate its peculiar charm, at once childlike and mature. The preface written just now, at the moment of publication, shows wonderful progress and growth and gives a very striking picture of the Jewish exodus from Russia, the motives underlying it, and the attitude of the Russian Jews towards America.

It is always dangerous, even for the most gifted, to bring to self-consciousness a talent whose very charm lies in the absence of self-consciousness; and yet, of course, all true talent in coming to maturity must be able to bear this test. In order to profit by the recognition, and not to be misled by injudicious and indiscriminate praise, Mary Antin must learn to be her own critic and to find her own standards; not by study of herself, but of the great masters of literature and life, who have helped to show the world where truth and beauty lie. Then she may safely look within, into her own heart, and tell the truth as she herself sees and feels it, truly, sincerely, but yet without self-consciousness, for the truth is always larger than self.

JOSEPHINE LAZARUS.

## To the Use of Edifying

MANY sad-faced moons will come and go before any audience will have the privilege (unless Mr. Howells should repeat himself) of listening to anything so delectably sapient as that author's lecture on the novel, recently delivered at the Social Reform Club on University Place. To hear a lecture and go away with but one regret is a rare experience to the average attendant at such functions. The only regret the writer took away with her lay in the thought that ten thousand people did not hear what was so magnanimously granted to the few who crowded the small rooms of the Club. If there were any in the audience who have hitherto conceived of the novel as "a little lower" than anything else, they will forever after reject any such frayed and frabjous notions and look upon novel writing and novelists as deserving a place second only to the ministry and the clergy.

After quoting Thackeray anent the fact that actors, when they have a vacation, go to see a play,—and are probably of all spectators the most appreciative of its good and bad points,—Mr. Howells remarked a similar tendency on the part of novelists to read the works of other novelists with a kindly critical comprehension which the ordinary reader cannot give. The lecturer frankly expressed his preference for novels to other literature—"Rather than read no novels at all," he added, with a captivating inflection of frankness, "I would read my own novels over and over—and this I often do when I don't know what to do with my hero."

The predominant line of thought in Mr. Howells's lecture is already familiar to those who know his literary principles—namely, that the beauty of any work of art lies in its truth to life, and that it is only the false which is ugly and immoral. "How to get the truth in so that it gets out as beauty is the first question. . . . The imagination can create absolutely nothing which does not exist in nature. For the reader as well as for the writer the question is, 'Is it like what he has seen and felt?' The novelist generally knows whether he is lying or not."

In meeting the old argument for the romantic novel, which bases its proof of excellence on its popularity, Mr. Howells accounted very simply for the enormous circulation of this class of fiction by saying that the larger per cent. of mankind had very weak imaginations. "The function of the novelist is to make you understand the real world by his effigy of it—to create a perspective with everything in its right relation." Mr. Howells told just the right number of anecdotes, realistically proving his own theory that one cannot improve upon nature. One story was about a young woman who knew all the "love parts" of his novels, but thought he was an *Englishman* and dead. Another damsel wrote him that she had been reading "nine serials all at once"—including one of Mr. Howells's—and she liked his "best of all." Still another assured the novelist that she greatly admired

his "Bostonians." Mr. Howells replied that he, too, was a devotee of James; "whereupon," he slyly added, "we fell into some embarrassment." To cover her confusion the lady asked to introduce a gentleman who knew "all about his novels." But the latter only made a Charybdis for the author by announcing that one of Mr. Howells's novels—"A Stillwater Tragedy"—he always kept on his table. "I forget how we got rid of each other," was the delicious conclusion.

On one occasion when Mr. Howells was travelling on the train he heard a gentleman, in the seat in front of him, recommending his novels to a young girl on account of their "blameless morality"; but a French lady—to whom someone had recommended "The Lady of the Aristook" as good safe reading for her daughter—declared that the situation imagined in it was altogether unfit to be presented to the mind of a young girl. In view of the lady's nationality and the romantic literature of her own race, this was an especially "chortling" pleasantry.

In speaking of the old conventional methods of fiction writing, Mr. Howells observed that the novelist always used to think that his hero must "*do something to win the heroine*; save her from a fire, or at least be nursed by her through a long illness." On such a scheme Mr. Howells wrote his first novel, making use of "a fierce bulldog, not having any other mortal peril handy." But now novelists have discovered that rescues are a work of supererogation, being untrue to life, where the lover simply sits and talks—or dances—and sends his sweetheart flowers. The excluding absorption of the novelist in his work was openly confessed by the lecturer. "The novelist shakes hands with a friend and inquires for his sick wife, but all the time he is wondering whether his hero will marry his heroine or not." But this preoccupation of the author was not instanced as something deplorable. "The best thing to fill a man's mind is his work; otherwise his mind gets filled with himself and it can have no worse tenant." This was only one of countless *bons mots* quietly delivered throughout the lecture in Mr. Howells's pleasantly modulated tone. One listener, at least,—and in all probability a great many more,—reached the conclusion that Mr. Howells should save some of his ink for a volume of essays, which should include this delicately "knowing" one on the novel.

Those of the audience who had formerly known Mr. Howells chiefly through his books will, hereafter, think of him with deepened respect and admiration. It is, indeed, a balmy experience in the modern Gilead of letters to find a man who believes in his art so sincerely that his arguments carry the conviction that sincerity alone can give.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.



## The Hapless Hapsburgs\*

ONE of the most readable books that has come to my desk in many a long day is "The Martyrdom of an Empress." It is the story of the murdered Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and it proves beyond dispute, if proof were needed, that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Anything more tragic than her story and that of all the Hapsburgs it would be impossible to imagine. The name of the author is not given. It is a woman, however, who claims to have been the intimate friend and confidante of the Empress. Sorrows of a similar nature drew them together and for years they enjoyed the closest friendship. The book does not read like a translation, but rather as though it was written in English, with strong indications here and there that if the author is not an American she has a pretty good knowledge of this country. She confesses that, like the Empress, she was not "Austrian born," and for that reason the "haughty Viennese aristocracy" treated them both with "sweeping contempt." The book is written to vindicate the Empress Elizabeth who, outside of her own country, needs no vindication. We, the lookers-on of other nations, realized her worth and gave her our sympathy. The author, though a married woman, was in her early 'teens when she first knew the Empress, and she heard from her Majesty's own lips or from her letters and diaries the sad story of her life. The two women would turn their backs upon the court and bury themselves in the country for weeks and months at a time. And then the Empress would open her heart to her companion.

Whatever the Empress did seemed to give offense to the Viennese aristocracy, who were urged on in their cruelty by the Emperor's mother.

"'Cannot they leave me alone?' the Empress would cry, stamping her little foot impatiently. 'All I ask of humanity is that it should not interfere with me; and yet all my actions are the subject of uncharitable comment and of cruel criticism. Can you tell me why I should thus be persecuted?'"

Because she was not of the world worldly, because she did not condone the sins of the Emperor, they called her insane and pointed to her cousin, mad Louis of Bavaria, to show that insanity lurked in the family.

The story of the first meeting between Elizabeth and Franz Joseph has been often told; how he came to her father's castle to celebrate his betrothal to her eldest sister, and how he met "under the dense shadows of the park-like woods a child, clothed in a short white frock, with a wonderful mass of wavy, silken, chestnut hair falling about her slim, girlish figure down to her feet, and with a pair of large white deerhounds leaping about her."

\*"The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harper & Bros.

With a child's impulsiveness she threw her arms around the big, handsome cousin who was soon to be her brother, and thus robbed him of his heart. He drew her arm through his and tried to take her with him to the castle, but she would not allow this.

" 'They would be awfully angry if I mixed with the grown-up ones,' she said, laughing. 'They have all to be married away before I am allowed to appear.'

" 'That's what we are going to see,' replied the smitten Emperor. 'Go, dress for dinner and meet me in the hall before I go down, my sweet! I'll manage the rest.' "

And he did. Meeting her in the hall he took her in to dinner on his arm. Looks of surprise and chagrin greeted them, but it was too late. That same evening, closeted with the Duke, the Emperor declared to him that his plans had altered, and formally asked from the infuriated old gentleman the favor of his youngest daughter's hand. A violent scene followed, during which the Emperor vowed that he would leave the place without marrying either of the daughters. The Duke reluctantly yielded to his demand, and the Cinderella of this little court was transformed from her "peaceful, lonely life into the most brilliant of earthly lots, and, more is the pity, also the saddest which has ever been the portion of an imperial lady."

These details were given to the author of this book by "a dear old woman who was the Empress's nurse from earliest childhood, and who died not so long ago."

" 'Ah, my darling, my beauty; how much too pretty and too sweet and too pure she was for all that was to come!' the old woman often said.

" And on her bridal day how delicate and dainty and like an angel she looked, in spite of the weight of her court mantle and of the heavy jewels bruising her tender flesh! But she was happy then; they had not yet crushed all joy out of her heart. She thought that life was one long festival, one endless chain of enchantment; that all people were good, and that the boundless wealth of her consort would be a magic wand with which to conjure away all the miseries of the earth wherever she went, poor child—poor little silly, loving child! "

All would have gone well, for this was a love match if there ever was one, had it not been for the Emperor's mother, the Archduchess Sophia, one of the worst cases of mother-in-law on record. She was a cold, cruel, ambitious woman, who was determined not to be rivalled in her influence over the Emperor by "that pretty wax doll," as she scornfully dubbed the Empress. If Elizabeth had a fault, her biographer says, "it was an absolute lack of human passion. . . . She was a quaint combination of an angel and a goddess, a Greek nymph and a Christian virgin, blended in one."

The Emperor's unfaithfulness, which her friend and biographer tries to excuse on the ground of his temperament and temptations, filled her with horror and indignation, and she fled from his roof just

as any other wronged wife, who was not an empress, might have done.

The Emperor pursued the Empress, but she fled before him, and fearing to make himself absurd in the eyes of the world he gave up the chase.



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THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA  
(At the age of twenty-eight)

Harper & Brothers

The Empress, however, was firmly resolved not to give him a chance of pleading his own cause, which, had he only known her better, he would have understood to be practically a lost one. A faithful and devoted woman, Countess X—, who had accompanied her, told the writer of this book once

“that in all her profound experience of human nature she had never seen such a change as came at that time upon the Empress. She never

regretted for one instant what she had done ; she certified to the gentleman in question, over and over again, that she would be ready to repeat it at any moment were she called upon to ratify her choice, for it seemed to her that it was the only thing for her to do in common honor and self-defense. All the pent-up anger and disgust which her soul contained broke forth with such force that she positively frightened those about her. She hardened her heart against everybody, and even the mention of her children failed to make any impression upon her."

She gave up her time to study and out-of-door sports. Greek and Latin occupied her hours of study and horseback riding was her greatest recreation. She was probably the finest horsewoman in all Europe, and not even Rarey himself had a greater power over horses. Her taming of Black Devil, a vicious coal-black stallion, is one of the most remarkable illustrations of her power. For six months the grooms of this horse had not been able to go near him, but fed him from buckets fastened to long poles.

"Without a minute's hesitation, and disregarding the exclamations of horror from the onlookers, Elizabeth walked deliberately to the box, and, churring in a peculiar manner to its occupant, she drew back the bolt and coolly entered. Those present held their breath, expecting every moment to see the dauntless woman trampled upon and torn to pieces. No such thing, however, happened. At first the startled beast snorted and laid back its ears, but soon the great fiery eyes softened and grew tender, and the Empress was suffered to pat the dilated nostrils and arched neck.

" 'Come here,' she called out to me; 'he is as gentle as a lamb, poor old boy, but he is in bad need of a brushing up.'

"Where she had gone self-respect forbade me to refuse to follow, so I promptly obeyed her command. Between us we polished up Black Devil, and ultimately left him whinnying with fond gratitude, a vanquished tyrant! So astonished was the Count, and so relieved also at finding that no accident had happened, that he craved permission to present the dusky beauty to her Majesty. The gift was accepted, but it took a long time before the four-footed 'devil' could be induced to endure the presence of a man near him, and we had all the work we could do in attending personally to his demoniacal needs. However, the Empress ended by obtaining such good mastery over him that he used to follow her about like a dog in the park and grounds of Gödöllő."

It was through the influence of her own mother that Elizabeth was finally induced to return to her husband.

" 'You have acted as if you, and not your husband, were guilty,' her mother wrote to her. 'I do not deny that there is nobility in your refusing to retain the advantages of your position at court since you fancy that you no longer possess Franz's heart, but many things which the world need never have known are now public property. The higher we stand on the social ladder the less right have we to gratify our own private vengeance, or to set ourselves free from painful obligations. Remember the good old saying, "Noblesse oblige." You are the integrant part of a great nation's honor; you are faithless to your trust and to the traditions of your ancestry when you thus act on the spur of personal injury and passion.' "

The Empress afterwards showed the writer this letter, admitting that her mother was right. In time a reconciliation was brought about and Elizabeth and Franz Joseph were again united.

Her biographer tells of the many deeds of kindness performed by the Empress. The two women used to disguise themselves and visit



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THE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA

(Taken just before his death)

the slums of great cities, nursing the sick and comforting the afflicted. One night they were riding through a straggling outskirt of Pesth when they heard cries for help coming from a lonely hovel. The voice was evidently that of a woman:

"On the impulse of the moment we both leaped from our horses, and rushing to the door and pushing it open we found ourselves in a villainously dirty room, where a huge ruffian of a man was dragging



a woman about the floor by her luxuriant, unbound hair, kicking her vigorously as he did so. Before I realized what was happening the Empress had laid her heavy hunting-crop about the fellow's face, and so surprised was he at our unexpected appearance and at this vigorous onslaught that he dropped his victim and stared at us in blank amazement. His astonishment was, however, as nothing to ours when the ill-used dame sprang to her feet, and, putting her arms akimbo, demanded in her shrillest Hungarian and with a torrent of invectives what 'we hussies' meant by interfering with her husband. The Empress, who possessed a considerable amount of humor, and in whom the sense of the ridiculous was singularly developed, burst into a peal of laughter, and, taking from the side pocket of her habit a couple of gold ten-gulden pieces, she handed them to this model benedict, exclaiming: 'Beat her, my friend. Beat her all she wants. She deserves it for being so loyal to you.'"

The true story of the tragedy of Meyerling is told in this book for the first time, the author says. All her sympathies are for the unhappy Crown Prince Rudolph, or Rudi, as she calls him. Both she and the Empress, his mother, disliked and mistrusted Princess Stephanie, his fiancée. The Crown Prince she describes as:

"Light-hearted and somewhat sarcastic, if not a trifle cynical in his way of looking upon women in general, with the sole exception of his mother, whom he absolutely adored, and justly thought to be unequalled both morally and physically by any other member of her sex, Rudi used to come every afternoon at dusk into the oak-panelled library, which was the Empress' favorite retreat—and where, when I had the happiness of being with her, we invariably spent the hour before dinner—laughing, joking, and attempting to put all our prognostications and fears to flight by his merry banter. . . .

For the dual horror of Meyerling the writer of this book believes the Countess George Larisch was the most to blame, for she knew all, and to avenge herself upon the Crown Prince, whom she wanted to marry, she urged on his intimacy with Marie Vetsera.

It is not necessary to repeat the story of Rudolph's love for Marie, for whom he would have given up his wife, his crown—everything. The interview between Rudolph and his father when he told him of his love for the girl must have been terrible indeed. Says the writer:

"Here we reach a point in this terrible affair which is of so delicate a nature that one positively recoils before the almost impossible task of explaining it. There are in this world some terrible fatalities, and many instances in which the words of the scripture, which say that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, come true in a really ghastly fashion. The stormy conversation which took place between the Emperor and his only and much-beloved son was witnessed by none, and yet there exist to-day several people who know how awful was the discovery made by both of them on that never-to-be-forgotten night, when Rudolph confessed to his father his love for Marie Vetsera, and his intention of giving up his entire future, his lofty rank, and his unequalled position in order to marry her!

"When at dawn the Crown Prince staggered out from his father's presence, his face was gray and drawn and haggard, like that of a

corpse, and in his eyes, which glittered with the burning light of fever, there was a look of harsh resolve which betrayed not only the fact that he was a desperate man, but also that he had left behind him all hope of the realization of his most ardent desires.

"As to the Emperor, when his valet entered his room at the usual hour he found his imperial master bowing low over his desk, with his head pillowed upon his folded arms. The Emperor was fully dressed in the uniform which he had worn on the previous evening, and the servant, thinking that perchance his master had fallen asleep while writing, permitted himself to touch him lightly on the shoulder. What was his fright and amazement when he discovered that Franz Joseph, this man of iron, who never knew a day's sickness, was in a dead faint!"

The writer of this memoir denies as "thoroughly and shamefully untrue" the story that Rudolph took the life of Marie before taking his own. She believes that the girl killed herself first while he was out of the room and that he then killed himself. The Empress insisted upon breaking the awful news to the Emperor.

"The Emperor—don't tell him; it must be I who break it to him. Wait for me here; do not say a word to any one; I will be back!" and swiftly, almost running, she left her room and rushed towards her husband's study, where she knew that he would then be at work upon the affairs of the state. As she opened the door and entered the spacious apartment where the sovereign was employed in signing papers, handed to him one by one by his aide-de-camp, she said shortly:

"Franz, I must speak to you alone."

"With a wave of the hand the Emperor dismissed his aides, and the imperial couple were left alone together.

"Half an hour later Count Paar and Count Hoyós, who were discussing in an awed whisper the dreadful drama of Meyerling, saw Franz Joseph enter the room, his eyes swollen with weeping, and his whole countenance quivering with distress. With him was the Empress, just as pale, just as calm, and just as self-possessed as she had been when she left them. She drew a chair forward for the Emperor, and gently motioned him towards it, taking hold of his hand and mutely caressing it, while he sat down upon the proffered seat with a broken exclamation of:

"So it is true—really true!"

"Again the stalwart man broke down, and sobbed convulsively, the Empress bending over him and soothing and consoling him as if he were a child in pain."

Has fiction any chapter to equal this?

The ill-luck, or whatever you choose to call it, that has followed the house of Hapsburg is almost unprecedented in history. One tragedy followed fast upon another with no pause between. The most terrible of all, however, was not the assassination of the beautiful, unhappy Empress, nor even the suicide of the Crown Prince, but rather the cause that led to the latter.

J. L. G.



Courtesy of

CHARLES JAMES FOX  
(Statesman)

G. P. Putnam's Sons

(From a painting by Karl Anton Hickel in the National Portrait Gallery)

## **"England in the Nineteenth Century"**

THE fifty-second in the long list of Stories of the Nations, and the only one (with the exception of Mr. A. T. Story's "Building of the British Empire" which we reviewed some months ago) to run into two volumes, has just left the capable and experienced hands of Mr. Justin McCarthy, and bears the title of "The Story of the People of England in the Nineteenth Century." \* It is, of course, not intended for, and indeed within its limits could hardly be, an exhaustive scientific treatise on the subject. It is rather a compendious narrative of the more important events in the national progress, written for the class of people who have neither the time nor the preparation requisite for more minute researches, and who have not acquired the habit which grows upon one so distressingly of demanding first-hand authorities for the statements

\* New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. London, T. Fisher Unwin.

made in the text. Mr. McCarthy is indeed himself an authority of that very kind, and his own personal observation, as a veteran member of the House of Commons, of many events here recorded may be held to take the place of the quotations and foot-notes which form no part of his book. His *quorum pars magna fui* he never suggests—it comes in now and then unobtrusively enough, just to remind his readers of what the absence of mere personal gossip might cause them to forget, that many of the events of the last third of the century are described



Courtesy of

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY  
(Novelist)

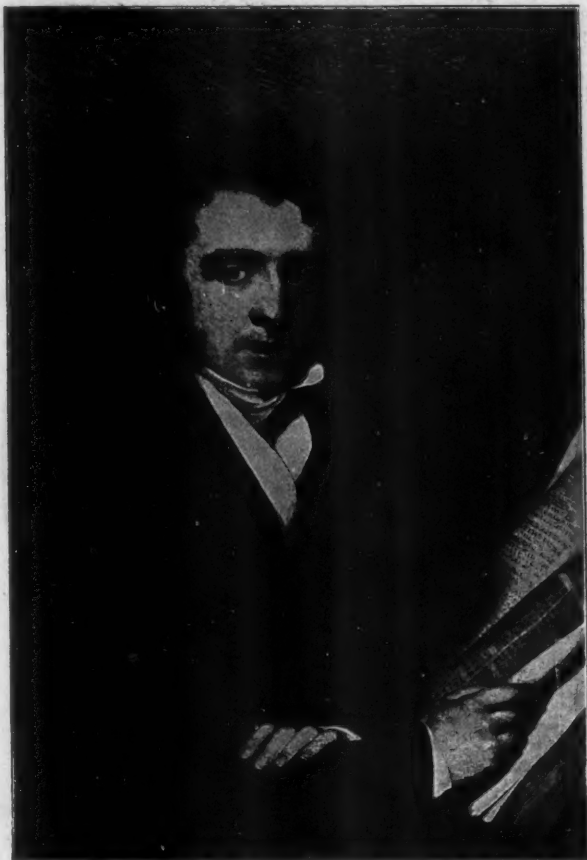
G. P. Putnam's Sons

(From a painting by Samuel Lawrence in the National Portrait Gallery)

by one who has himself helped to shape their course. His judgments, even of the earlier statesmen, gain a particular value from the fact that they are not constructed from a patient study of musty archives, but are formed of the consensus of those who knew the great men in their habit as they lived.

It may seem to have been a somewhat risky experiment to entrust a period of history so largely concerned with the manifold demands of Ireland, and the still more various methods of meeting them, to a man whose whole public career has committed him inevitably to the strong assertion of one side of these questions; and in this particular the

choice cannot be said to have been wholly justified. Mr. McCarthy has evidently tried not to be obtrusively or offensively "nationalist," but besides the little straws which show the drift of his mind (like the phrase "these countries" twice applied to the United Kingdom of



Courtesy of

GEORGE GROTE  
(Historian)

G. P. Putnam's Sons

(From a painting by Thomas Stewardson in the National Portrait Gallery)

Great Britain and Ireland), he emphasizes, by repeating it every time the Home Rule matter is mentioned, the question-begging statement that "the demand is nothing more than the extension to Ireland of the constitutional system which has pacified and consolidated Canada, which has been the strength of the Australasian colonies, which exists in the Cape of Good Hope, and even in the Channel Islands." A still more far-reaching bias in the author's mind informs the whole



book; but it is one with which few Americans, and fewer Englishmen than would formerly have been the case, will be found to quarrel. The obvious underlying principle which has characterized English history in the nineteenth century is the tendency to what has generally been



Courtesy of

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING

(Poet)

G. P. Putnam's Sons

(From a drawing by Field Talfourd in the National Portrait Gallery)

known as "reform"—to the lengthening of the cords and strengthening of the stakes of what may now fairly be called "Triumphant Democracy." It would, no doubt, be very difficult to relate the successive stages of this steady progression without disclosing on which side the sympathies of the writer are enlisted; and perhaps it is not worth while to find much fault with him for so patiently rejoicing over each popular triumph, and so pityingly or so contemptuously dismissing

the opposition of such men as the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon to the rising tide.

As a "Parliament-man," it is natural that Mr. McCarthy should be inclined to trace the history of the century somewhat too exclusively by the course of legislation; and the fact that he is professedly writing a history of the *people* of England justifies him in giving a comparatively small space to what used to be the staple of the old-fashioned histories—the fortunes of dynasties and the minutiae of military operations. The thing may be carried too far—as, for example, when a whole chapter is devoted to the case of "*Stockdale vs. Hansard*," which, though interesting and even important in itself, has only a relative bearing upon the general question of freedom of speech. There is indeed a certain lack of proportion throughout the book, which may be most amusingly typified by a comparison of the six and a half pages devoted to the suppression of chimney-sweeps with the three pages given to a more or less perfunctory review of the literary history of the whole century. And, among the omissions resulting from too parliamentary a standpoint, surely it is inexplicable that not a line or a word hints at the existence of the Oxford Movement, unquestionably the greatest fact in the religious life of the nation during the period.

The earlier portion of the book shows more evidence of careful work than the later, in which Mr. McCarthy has probably trusted too much to unaided memory. For the first half of the century, the kind of reader that will use the book may find much to give him a fuller and a juster conception of those times, now so strangely far away, than he has hitherto possessed. The story of George Canning's career in particular will be likely to be a revelation to many people who have failed to realize what a permanent mark he left upon the financial and still more upon the foreign policy of his country; and the American reader will study with especial interest the thoughtful exposition of the Monroe Doctrine which follows from the relations between Canning and Monroe—relations that show us the great English minister (in words not without their bearing upon the present and the future) "calling the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old."

A. I DU P. COLEMAN.

## The Drama

It is a common saying, almost a theatrical dogma, that a play to win the favor of the general public must possess a strong human interest, but it does not apply, for instance, in the case of Mr. R. C. Carton's "*Lord and Lady Algy*," which was one of the greatest successes of recent times in London, and has been received with enthusiasm at the Empire Theatre in this city. Of all the principal characters involved

in the story, there is not one who can command either respect or sympathy, although, considered in the aggregate, they constitute an exceedingly entertaining company. The hero is a reckless young spendthrift, with the redeeming quality of good humor. He has been compared with Charles Surface, but is lower in the moral scale than that delightful profligate. As for his brother, the Marquis of Quarmby, the later Joseph Surface, he is found, upon analysis, to be a meaner and more contemptible hypocrite than his prototype. The tuft-hunting Brabazon Tugway has virtue enough to be jealous of his marital honor, while his wife has no better justification than her folly for her intended infidelity. Lady Algy alone has a clean record, and her shrewd head, warm heart, and sharp tongue are admirable characteristics so far as they go, but her liberal views (not to use a harsher word), her masculine manners, and her gambling proclivities have very little in common with the ideal of refined womanhood. Her readiness, at the last, to help in pulling the wool over the eyes of the deluded Tugway does not suggest any very rigid view of conjugal duty.

On the whole, the play is not wholesome or agreeable in tone, but there can be no dispute concerning its amusing nature, or its truth as a sketch of a certain phase of English society. The representation at the Empire is as effective as the one in London. Certainly no better impersonation of Lady Algy could reasonably be desired than that of Miss Jessie Millward, an actress of well defined style, bright intelligence, and admirable elocution. She brings out in bold relief all the characteristics of the mannish and sporting woman of the period, and yet contrives to suggest some of the more winning attributes of her sex, and she manages the scene in which she returns to the home of her ruined and dejected husband with infinite tact and cleverness. Mr. William Faversham is fortunate in the part of Lord Algy, which adapts itself readily and closely to the mannerisms of speech and carriage which are unfortunately becoming more and more marked in his acting. However, he appears to special advantage as Lord Algy, and is entitled to commendation for the moderation which he displays in his very long and trying drunken scene. Mr. Guy Standing is a capital representative of the glib and hypocritical Quarmby, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., gives a clever sketch of a chronically thirsty jockey, and Miss May Robson is excruciatingly funny in a marvellous make-up.

The most constant admirers of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske will scarcely be able to deny that she committed an error of judgment in essaying the part of Magda, in Sudermann's play, which has taxed the resources of the most famous emotional actress of the time. Mrs. Fiske's power of emotional expression is limited. She can suggest a condition of suppressed fury and can throw intense feeling into a sharp passionate outburst, but her emotion lacks both depth and variety. Magda presents more brilliant opportunities to an actress than any other character to be found in a play so domestic in character. Her introduction as a creature of dazzling beauty, wit, and splendor into

the dull and intensely respectable home is extraordinarily effective, and from that moment when she is first revealed as an ideal product of feminine emancipation, up to the crisis, when she is compelled by force of circumstances and her father's indomitable will to submit to the old control, whether triumphing in the assurance of her power or struggling against the humiliation imposed upon her, she is the constant centre of interest. Mrs. Fiske has not learned yet how to modify either her personality or her artistic style, neither of which is in har-



Photo for The Critic

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

Hollinger &amp; Co.

mony with this polished, supple, variable, and comprehensive character. The tone which she assumed from the first was altogether too hard, aggressive, and incisive, as if she were intent upon provoking a rupture instead of willing to conciliate. In the moments of pathos, as, for instance, when speaking of her child, she was altogether unconvincing. It was only in the scenes with Von Keller that her impersonation was really satisfactory. Her icily contemptuous reception of the man who had betrayed and abandoned her was well

imagined and well executed, and there was the ring of genuine passion, though not of the most impressive kind, in her summary dismissal of him from the house. At this point she obtained well-merited applause, but she was not able to maintain the rest of her impersonation at this level. Her acting has always been distinguished more by intellectual acuteness than by comprehension of human emotion, and it is doubtful whether her reputation can be increased by a departure from her original line.

Mr. Hamilton's adaptation of "The Three Musketeers," called "The King's Musketeer," is a good, bustling, romantic melodrama, with no dulness in it and plenty of incident. Its main object is to

make a star part for D'Artagnan, which it succeeds in doing perfectly, although the leading motive is the intrigue between Buckingham and the Queen. The human interest is heightened adroitly by the introduction of a sweetheart for the hero, a maid of honor who figures prominently in the diamond business, and becomes the special object of the jealous hatred of Miladi, who tries to poison her and is forced to swallow the dose herself. The two love stories are worked into the main plot with considerable ingenuity and the mass of adventure is handled with very little confusion. Mr. Sothern, as D'Artagnan, has to carry the chief burden upon his shoulders and acts with unfailing vivacity, considerable humor, and no little picturesqueness, although he still lacks the dash and brilliancy of the true romantic style. His performance, however, is a creditable one, and his company in a general way, is competent. Miss Florence, as the maid of honor, and Miss Warren, as the Queen, both deserve a word of special mention.



Photo by Windeatts

Chicago

MR. SOTHERN AS D'ARTAGNAN

J. RANKEN TOWSE.

### M. Edouard Rod

THIS time M. Edouard Rod is the one to bring the good French word to America, and the public he is to address will not be able to say that the treat served it annually lacks the spice of variety. After M. Ferdinand Brunetière's incomparable authority, M. René Doumic's keen wit and irony, here comes a moralist who is not only a novelist but a cosmopolitan. A psychologist, he has perhaps opened up new paths, inaugurating that method of intuition which leads to penetrating the souls of others through study of one's own, thus eliminating all semblance of egoism and vanity from self-analysis. That self-consciousness which the perpetual examination of a conscience presupposes is indispensable to this process. It is well known, however, that it is rare among us as a people, so rare that we have no equivalent for the word in our language. It is a Protestant quality that M. Rod has derived from his origin, much modified, nevertheless, by life. "One loses



time," he says somewhere, "counting one's own heart-beats, but never when listening to its echo vibrating in the hearts of others."

No one will complain at finding M. Rod's personality closely linked to that of his heroes, for his confessions contain nothing but what is noble and they honor humanity. They begin in "La Course à la Mort" with an eloquent profession of pessimism, such as a young man might experience, who at his own risk and peril has just discovered that we are not born to be happy. In fact, when he wrote this sad and beautiful book, M. Rod was not quite thirty years old. Shortly afterwards he gave it a moral sequel, "Le Sens de la Vie," where in the midst of the same sadness he has a glimpse of its remedy—altruism and, above all, faith. An imperious need for belief cries out in its last pages. Yet in what direction is he to turn? Calvinism, in which he was reared, seems too hard and narrow for him, while his reason refuses Catholicism, towards which sentiment would lead him. He is in the state of mind suitable to a disciple of Emerson, and this will suffice to draw the links of sympathy closer between him and a part of the public he is to meet. A Christian, without belonging to any special denomination, he clings to an elevated ideal separating him once for all from Zola's school; although, quite in the beginning of his career, he chose the great chief of the naturalistic school as his master. If we touch but lightly upon these earlier efforts, it is because the first book truly his own, and worthy of this name, given to the public by M. Rod was "La Course à la Mort," in 1885. "Le Sens de la Vie" was crowned by the French Academy in 1888, and gained the Cross of the Legion of Honor for its author. At the same time, learned critical studies of the nineteenth century and "The Moral Ideas of the Present Times" proved that M. Rod was a scholar *par excellence*. You must not ask him for the dazzling qualities of those superficial minds that merely graze their subjects and guess at them. He has read everything, doing it thoroughly, and he unites creative power to a remarkable faculty of assimilation. Although he is one of the best of contemporary French writers, he is Swiss by birth, like Jean Jacques Rousseau and Victor Cherbuliez. Brought up in the schools of his own country, he was drilled in Germany later on by a solid and exhaustive course in philology, and finally became a professor at the University of Geneva. Here he filled the chair of foreign literature for a long time with well-deserved renown, and later added instruction in French literature. His cosmopolitanism is explained by his long sojourn in the picturesque country through which all nationalities are constantly travelling.

M. Rod was already well known, however, when he chose to make Paris his permanent home. Several newspapers, among others the *Journal des Débats*, were open to him, and some fine articles on Italian literature soon appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. A first novel was sent there in 1892. His "Scènes de la Vie Cosmopolite" and "La Sacrifiée," the latter a touching study of a delicate and painful case of conscientious scruples, had been admired elsewhere. "The

Private Life of Michel Tessie," treating the problem of divorce, had a wide-echoing success in the *Revue*, which up to the present time settles the question of literary reputation more positively than all the others. From year to year several novels followed, and the latest, "Le Ménage du Pasteur Naudie," is, perhaps, the author's masterpiece. He seems to us destined to obtain as much success in Protestant countries, when he paints the customs and characters found in cities that have remained partly Huguenot, like Montauban and La Rochelle, as has been granted to Mrs. Humphry Ward for her best novels. We can say just as much for those other scenes of clerical life, "Les Roches Blanches." The author of "Robert Elsmere," to whom we compare M. Rod, does not possess the leading quality—passion—in the same degree; and yet the passion he describes is as much opposed as can be to the morbid sensualism tricked out under that name by so many other novelists. Passion, as this earnest and sincere man, chiefly intent on the inward life, understands it, that is, freed from all vulgar alloy, and frequently heroic without ceasing to be human, will in none of his works touch the reader more forcibly than in "Le Silence." This is the short story of two rare beings who loved each other in the most exquisite way, most secretly, without any other confidant except their noble and faithful souls, without even ever having told each other all this in words, although this unconfessed intimacy was the best thing in their lives. It is the triumph of sentiment placed beyond all false sentimentality and all affectation of delicacy. On this occasion M. Rod realized his ideal—he escapes from the tyranny of the too concrete fact and over-precise figure and rises to the symbol.

All this is far removed from what foreigners are pleased to call the "wicked French novel," and it is certain that there are but few French novels that may be so readily translated. Without omitting anything M. Rod does not disturb his reader's conscience even when he is called upon to depict guilty emotions and abysmal falls. His pen always retains its self-respect in a supreme degree, and let us add that it does not seek the pretended refinements of merely artistic writing. The harmony and musical tinkling of words never make him forget their meaning. Behind the novelist we feel that there is an honest man, and we can guess at a quiet home open to intimates alone, a life full of work, and the little house at Passy where, while writing unceasingly, he devotes himself to a young wife in delicate health and two children lovingly reared by parents in closest communion.

We do not need to speak of M. Rod as a lecturer who of late has acquired a reputation which London confirmed last year, because when these lines appear M. Rod will already have given the measure of his ability in New York. We do not know what subjects he has chosen for his programme, but the great questions interesting him most particularly are of a nature to be enjoyed in the country now welcoming him. For instance: "What has made *spiritualism*, now so powerfully impregnating the late comers among our writers, succeed *materialism* so

rapidly in France, when politics, philosophy, and custom all agreed in upholding it?" "How has symbolism, now making its way, been able to develop under the action of masters who denied everything except facts?" He is an example of that miracle himself, having been a disciple of Zola's at the very time, we must say, that he was a commentator of Dante, and later a lover of Wagner's music, lofty English poetry, Burne-Jones's and Rossetti's painting, and alive to foreign influences, which, as he says, contributed to prepare a literary movement that may be the forerunner of great social ones. These ideas will be sympathetic to his American audiences; he will meet them half way without needing to fear those misunderstandings which arise so easily between them and the pure-blooded Frenchman, owing to the too absolute divergence of their points of view.

TH. BENTZON.

### The Evolution of Henry James\*

It is perfectly understood that Mr. James is far and away the most finished writer of prose fiction our generation has produced. He who runs and does not read knows as much as this, for the critics have been lavish in their appreciation of his perfection of style and form. But while it would be impossible to do too much justice to this particular aspect of his merit, it has perhaps been dwelt upon to the exclusion of his more vital qualities. These have suffered the misapprehension which is the share of the too-perfectly-dressed human creature whom the world lightly estimates by his garments, without taking stock of the reserves of character which alone can dignify the best tailoring.

Should anyone whose attention has been concentrated upon the irreproachable vesture of Mr. James's work ask upon what its vital qualities depend, there are fifty answers. He has not sought the reward of the market-place; he has rejected compromises; he has refused to sacrifice his especial vision of excellence; he has served an exacting ideal of art with a patience and a strength nothing short of superhuman. How can work done in such a spirit fail to be vital?

There are two things which the gods of art reward: patience and audacity. And the reward of patience is the greater of these. We learn this from the maxims of our elders, and believe it not, but when we see the lesson wrought out in life before our eyes it is more difficult to be sceptical. The gradual evolution of Mr. James's work contains, if you like, an immense moral lesson for the young artist, as well as a reproach to the worthy gentlemen who turn off a novel before breakfast every morning and correct the proofs of the same that evening after dinner. It proves beyond a doubt, indirectly, that playing to the gallery means loss of power, and, directly, that the consistent service of "the God of Things as They Are" is fructifying and profitable in the highest sense, the one safeguard against that disaster of

\* See Frontispiece.

artistic dryness and impotence with which middle life threatens the worker in the things of the mind. From forty to fifty-five is the time which tests the artist, as well as the prophet and the common man. Does he grow a little commonplace, hard, clay-encrusted? Is the land of his youthful dreams a country erased from his map of life? Is science more absorbing than poetry and his bank account a little dearer than either? Then he has taken the wrong turning, and is off the track of art. On the other hand, has he kept his vision of good work? Has his insight deepened and his expression sweetened? Is he keener to catch "the note, the trick, the strange irregular rhythm of life"?

Along with his growing mastery of the tools of his trade, does there go a broader comprehension of the material in which he works? Is his spell more potent, his creative effort more effectual? Then is he justified, for these are the natural sanctions that proclaim him called to his chosen labor. The spectacle of a cumulative artistic life is as rare as it is convincing, and this spectacle Mr. James furnishes for us in a very satisfying fullness.

He has been writing for a little more than thirty years. He has produced between thirty and forty volumes. Unlike the briefly triumphing young talents with whom we have become so familiar of late, his first work is far from his best. Yet certain things were clearly visible in his writings from the beginning. His style was admirable even then. It was lucid, quiet, elegant, but these qualities strike the reader as perhaps existing for their own sake rather than because of their appropriateness to the matter in hand. In "Watch and Ward," his first novel, the style seems an end rather than the readiest means. Thought and expression are not so entirely co-ordinated as they later become. As for his subject-matter, he was evidently resolved always to see life in its higher aspects; to consider its intellectual, æsthetic, and its lighter social problems.

At the beginning of his career he considered these subjects with suavity rather than with fervor. "Watch and Ward," for instance, is an agreeable story with a highly finished surface, which does full justice to the merits of a good but uninteresting young man who adopted an orphan girl and brought her up with a devotion that was ultimately rewarded. The best thing in the book is the moral tenderness the writer shows for poor Roger, who is bald, a trifle stout, immaculate, and precise,—just the kind of hero, in fact, upon whom an author might be tempted to impose a life of renunciation. To say this is not to intimate that Mr. James exhibits any partiality toward his creations such as existence would not be likely to show them. He early took the resolve that in his pages life should speak for itself without other editorial comment from him than that implied in the choice of subject. His work shows that he also held a definite theory of composition whose first principle was that the whole should be greater than any of its parts. His work is wonderfully even, and it is next to impossible



to pick out "strong passages" where the writer's force has been expended more lavishly than elsewhere.

In one of his later stories, "The Figure in the Carpet," he recites the strenuous endeavor of an ardent disciple to decipher the general idea, the underlying design, which ran through all the work of an acknowledged master of literature. If it is impossible to do this in his own case, one may yet observe certain patterns which recur oftener than others. He has, for instance, an especial fondness for considering the problems of the artistic life, and has done some of his cleverest work about them, just as much of his strongest writing has gone into stories whose fundamental proposition is the elemental high-mindedness of the young girl. The picturesque also has attracted him strongly, especially that phase of it produced by the contrast of character and circumstance as fixed in the Old World, with character and circumstance as evolved in the New. He recurs to this contrast again and again in his earlier works. "The American" and "The European" are the most highly finished examples of it, as "Daisy Miller" is the best known and "A Passionate Pilgrim" the most poignant and captivating. Of the six stories in this volume, four are absolute masterpieces, and the fifth is only saved from perfection by some vague lack of interest in the chief character. They have that final touch of fervor, of passionate creative interest, which testifies to the absorption of the artist in his work. Matter and manner are perfectly fused. The writer's talent glows at white heat, and the book indicates the high-water mark of his earlier period.

But the law of the artistic life is experiment, and some of Mr. James's subsequent experiments produced less happy results. It is avowedly his theory that "character is action, and action is plot." Conceding him this point of view, it must be admitted that some characters make better plots than others, just as some caterpillars spin handsomer cocoons than their fellows. There are many even of Mr. James's admirers who do not care for the plot which wove itself about Verena Tarrant, heroine of "The Bostonians"; and Christina Light after her transformation into the Princess Casamassima was almost equally disappointing as a centre of growth. These novels have more surface than depth, and the proper amount of emotion was not mixed with the minute observation that went to their construction. If this fact was apparent to their readers, we may readily assume that it did not escape the more exacting eye of their writer. Certainly they had no successors in kind.

"The Tragic Muse," which was the first long novel following the "Princess Casamassima," seems to mark an era in the author's production. Assuredly, for the last ten years the connotation of his work has been richer and its execution more brilliant than ever before. Up to the beginning of that time, there have always been moments when his perfections left the reader cold, but now he arouses enthusiasm rather than admiration. It is as if his search for perfection had grown



into such a consuming passion that everything he turns out glows with the warmth of that central fire. Also he has become bolder in the handling of his tools. His hand is free at last after half a lifetime's apprenticeship, and the feats he performs, his bits of sheer craftsmanship, make us catch our breath. If he had written nothing else than the six volumes of short stories which followed "The Tragic Muse," he would yet have an ample claim upon enduring fame. There is hardly a tale in "The Lesson of the Master," "The Real Thing," "The Wheel of Time," "The Private Life," "Terminations," and "Embarrassments," that is not a little miracle for execution, subtlety, and suggestiveness. In these volumes he begins to exercise his dexterity upon the problem of saying the unsayable, which has absorbed him still further since. That his success in so doing was marvellous will not be denied by any one who has read "The Private Life," or "The Altar of the Dead"—to name only two of the most remarkable of these tales. The latter story is a strange and deeply tender study wherein human constancy is given a fantastic outward form which satisfies us completely, in spite of its surface absurdity, because, while recognizing how untrue it is to the outer existence, we are aware in every fibre of its deep realism as toward the soul's life.

In one of his critical essays, Mr. James says that we measure the author by his execution. "The advantage, the luxury, as well as the torment and responsibility of the novelist is that there is no limit to what he may attempt as an executant, no limit to his possible experiments, efforts, discoveries, successes." If we are to estimate our author himself by this measure which he proposes, how are we to express ourselves as to his successes during the recent years? We may think what we please of the material used in "What Maisie Knew," "The Spoils of Poynton," "The Other House," "In the Cage," "The Two Magics," and "The Awkward Age," but as feats of execution, as plastic performances, there is simply nothing in our language with which to compare them. They are final. They stand alone. In his "Artist's Letters from Japan," Mr. La Farge tells of a famous Chinese architect who lived more than two thousand years ago. When asked how he conceived his marvellous works, he replied that it was very simple; he put out of his mind everything but the thing he wished to do and his sense of relation to the divine mind. At the end of the first day he had forgotten the money he was to receive for his work; at the end of the second, he no longer remembered the applause which would be given to him, and very soon nothing was present to his consciousness save the Thing Itself which he desired to create. Then he was ready to go out into the forest and choose the timber of which his building should be wrought. Now and again, in art and in literature we come upon works of such extraordinary vividness, so completely seen, so detached and independent, that we know instinctively they have been shaped with the aid of this eternal formula. What Fortuny and Franz Hals did in painting, Mr. James has achieved in

literature by his work of the last ten years. He has set forth the "Thing Itself" which he has sought to express. To do this, he has adopted whatever means will serve his purpose best. He alters his style at will, complicating it to serve complicated ends. The style of "Maisie," "In the Cage," and "The Awkward Age," shows hardly a trace of his wonted grace and transparency. But it has the deeper lucidity, for it succeeds in carrying to the reader's mind the exact impression the writer means to convey, as smoother sentences could not do. Resenting its difficulty at first, the reader finally comes to feel a triumph in reacting to the writer's purpose, a pleasure in assisting, with whatever intelligence is at his command, in the production of such a work of art as he divines Mr. James is driving at. It is something to play even a passive part in these audacious and brilliant performances. And to remain unconscious of them is to lose, if not the strongest, yet certainly the finest, satisfaction possible to the readers of our time.

CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

### Some New York Book-Plates

THE very oldest of our clubs has come into being during the period lying between the time of the book-plate's greatest popularity, already waning in the first quarter of the century, and the present revival of interest in matters *ex libris*. In fact, the club is an institution so modern, and the revival aforesaid so recent, that the oldest symbolic book-plate in use in any club library in this city is scarcely more than ten years old. Most of the clubs have not yet adopted a plate; the Harvard and the Salmagundi have plates in preparation, while a club of the literary and artistic character of the Century Association uses only the words "Ex Libris Centuriæ," with 1857 in Roman numerals. The Union Club is still more conservative, using only its name, with a border line.

On the contrary, the first plate of the New York Society Library was engraved in 1754, in the fifty-fourth year of that now venerable institution which, with the coming year, will enter upon the third century of its existence as a public library in the city of New York. This exceedingly rare plate shows Mercury and Minerva supporting a somewhat heraldic shield quartered and emblazoned with familiar symbols of the arts and sciences. In place of the crest, which is wanting, Music is seated against a sunburst on a bank of copper-plate clouds, the left hand resting on a harp, while a quiver of arrows peeps over her opposite shoulder, as irreconcilable with the figure as the right arm and legs which appear to have been borrowed from Vulcan for the occasion. From the conventional city in the background it would seem that there were high buildings in those days. This plate is signed by E. Galaudet, and as a piece of symbolic designing is finer than the two plates that followed it. The date 1754 is not a part of the plate, but was entered there in pencil by the present librarian, Mr. W. F. Butler.

Between this period and the adoption of the second plate, the Library seems to have passed through many vicissitudes. The events that led to the war prevented the trustees from meeting, and it was nearly destroyed during the British occupation. For some years preceding 1795 the books were deposited in the City Hall, and during the early sessions of the Congress in New York it was the Library of Congress. In 1788 the society was reorganized, and in the following year the second book-plate was adopted to commemorate the new movement. It may be observed that Mercury has been succeeded by the

American Indian in the smiles of Minerva. As early as 1729, the Rev. Dr. Millington, Rector of Newington, England, bequeathed his library to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," by which society it was presented to the Public Library of New York. The curious old book-plate of this society, which represented a missionary standing in the bow of a ship offering the Bible to a rock-bound shore, seems to have exerted a benevolent influence upon the



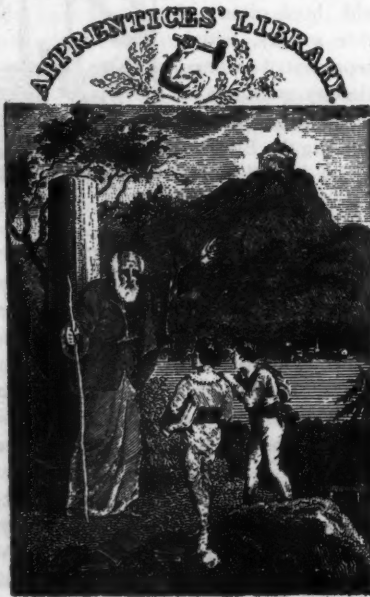
trustees of the society library, and to have suggested to some extent the symbolism of the new plate. While the Indian as a type of the available and inexhaustible supply of heathen in the New World must have been altogether satisfactory to the London proselytizing society, it is to be feared that the goddess Minerva as a missionary met with but scant approval. This 1789 plate, although by the famous etcher of book-plates, Peter R. Maverick, seems to have been unsatisfactory in execution, as it was replaced in 1812 by a new and better treatment of the same idea. It is interesting to note how the style of engraving and designing had utterly changed in twenty-three years. The 1812 plate is by the son and successor of Peter R. Maverick, who presumably occupied the same shop as did his father, although the street had changed its



name from "Crown" to "Liberty." In the library of the Historical Society is an old yellow pamphlet tied with a silk cord, which was the elder Maverick's collection of samples of book-plates, presumably to show to his customers. These proofs are printed two on a sheet which, doubled, forms two leaves of the book, showing that two plates at a time went under the hand-press expressly for the engraver's collection. Of the sixty-

five proofs, thirty-six are signed by Maverick, and all seem to have been executed in 1789. Peter R. Maverick was born in England in 1755 and died in this city in 1807.

The book-plate formerly used in the library of Columbia College belongs to the same period of brick-wall backgrounds as the 1812 society plate, although the absurdity of the naked beginners in learning, and the text in Hebrew flying from the mouth of the goddess would suggest an earlier period. The plate as here reproduced was processed from the inner cover of a 1625 edition of a Latin Arithmetic and Geometry printed by one of the Elzevirs. The Columbia plate is signed by Alexander Anderson, whom Charles Dexter Allen in his valuable work on American book-plates names as the first American wood-engraver. The only plate now in use in the library of Columbia College is the memorial to Henry Ogden Avery, designed by Russell Sturgis in the form of a mortuary mural tablet.



The plate of the Apprentices' Library is an elaborate steel engraving by Alexander Anderson, having above it the "Hammer and Hand" of the parent Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. This plate was probably adopted at the founding of the library in 1820 in friendly rivalry of the 1812 plate of the Society Library.

Coming now to the book-plates of the clubs, we find the Grolier, the most bookish of all the clubs, in possession of two plates; the smaller one, known as the first Grolier, is by George Wharton Edwards, a rich foliated design on a pounced background enclosing Hercules support-

ing the seal of the club.

This is used for the smaller books. The second Grolier is a large steel plate designed and executed by E. D. French in the year 1894. This is a very elaborate production, showing in the centre five pictures of ancient book-making and in the foliated border the seal of the club and a medallion portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, as the representative American author. Rich bindings and rare imprints, for which the club exists, are represented at the base of the design. Mr. French's plates may be readily distinguished by the lavish use he makes of the laurel leaf in his ornamentation.



The plate of the Players' Club was engraved by Mr. French after a design by Howard Pyle, and bears date the same year as the second Grolier. In this plate each artist seems to have nullified the characteristics of the other, for while there is nothing whatever suggesting Mr. French, the only touch indicating Mr. Pyle is in the dark tree-tops behind the harp. Mr. Pyle's pen drawings, like those of George Wharton Edwards, are peculiarly suitable to book-plates and need no interpreter. Mr. French is also at his best when he is his own designer. Under the direction of the librarian of the Players, Mr. Edward B. Child, a photogravure reduction of the original has been made for use in the smaller books, in which the details have been carefully gone over by the engraver.

The book-plate of the Emmet collection is a fine example of Mr.





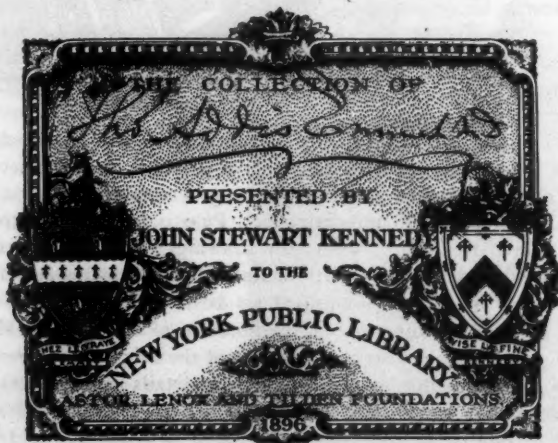
EITHER FOR TRAGEDY  
COMEDY HISTORY:  
HAMLET ACT II  
SCENE II.

H. PYLE

French, showing on one side the arms of Dr. Emmet, and on the other the arms of John Stewart Kennedy, the one the creator of the collection and the other its donor to the united libraries. The library of the Bar Association, housed in its beautiful new building in Forty-Fourth Street, has two plates by Mr. French, one for the collection of Charles H. Woodbury, presented by his widow in 1895, and the other, with three variations in lettering, includes the plate made especially for the books of the Library of Colonial Laws, that of the John E. Burrill fund, which is devoted to the purchase of works on political science, and a form of the plate on which the name of the donor is left vacant.

The Lenox Library uses a small plate bearing the Lenox

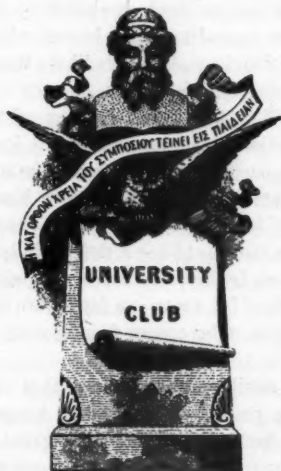
arms and crest with the name of the library at the top, and at the bottom that of one of the seven collections of which the library is composed: as "Lenox Collection, 1870," "Duyckinck Collection, presented in 1878," "The Astoria Collection, presented in 1884," "The Drexel



Collection, presented in 1888," "The Paine Collection, presented in 1893," "The R. L. Stuart Collection, presented in 1892," and "The Bancroft Collection, purchased in 1893." These small plates go inside the front cover in the upper left-hand corner. The fine plate of the Authors' Club is a photogravure from a pen drawing by George Wharton Edwards, showing a young author seated against a tapestry ornamented with figures of the flying horse and a sunburst seen through an open window. The book-plate of the Lambs' Club is facetiously heraldic, displaying two spring lambs rampant supporting a shield with a ram's head for a crest.



LAMBS' CLUB BOOK-PLATE



Mr. Guy Phelps Dodge is the librarian. The library of Teachers College was presented to that institution by Mrs. P. M. Bryson as a monument to the memory of her deceased husband, and is supported by her liberality. The book-plate, just completed, is after a design by Mr. Charles Lamb. The Bryson Library includes the collection in memory of Ellen Walters Avery, the sister of Henry Ogden Avery and daughter of Samuel P. Avery. The book-plate of this collection was designed and executed by E. D. French. The University Club uses in its library a classical book-plate quite in keeping with its traditions and with the ornamentation on its new home at Fifth Avenue and 54th Street.

WM. HENRY SHELTON.

## The Emigration from Zenda

It will be interesting to observe the effect of the war on the population of Zenda and of similar resorts of heroes. Ruritania, of which Zenda is the capital, is really an offshoot of the Grönwald from which Prince Otto was driven by the revolutionists; but Zenda has become so much better known than its mother country that the name may be used generically for all those little principalities into which our modern romancers have introduced us. Zenda, like the others, is a place in-

habited by heroes and heroines, together with a small but hard-working crowd of "supes," who shout as the populace, stand around picturesquely as lords, or even take the minor parts of messengers and such. It is a pleasant place to live in, if one is a hero (as we all are, in the privacy of our communion with Romance), though of late years the mortality among the supes has become greater than it used to be. A long interval of peace had made bloodshed popular: the war is likely to have a sobering effect, although those Zenda dwellers who emigrate to Cuba must expect to die occasionally in the cause of tragedy.

There has been rather a dearth lately of romantic writers who took their subjects from real and contemporaneous life. Such an one has his troubles: he can't make his heroes touch pitch and be undefiled, as Hope does; or make them spurn with unutterable contempt the bare thought of saving their lives by telling some slight secret they have promised not to, as Gilbert Parker does; or make them lie in dank underground dungeons for a year, on bread and only water enough to drink, and come out suitable objects to fall into the arms of their heroines, without a shave and a bath—and the exigencies of local color do not always allow barber-shops to grow next to dank dungeons.

In Cuba there is a setting which must appeal to many heroes who hitherto have not been satisfied outside of Zenda. And it is likely that for some months to come Zenda will be deserted for Cuba, in spite of the unwholesomeness of the climate. The kings and princes with whom we have been hobnobbing so familiarly will be exchanged for Rough Riders—Cowboy Jim, or the dissipated New York society man with his nonchalance and his nerve of steel. We used to know him when we foregathered with Ouida; but of late years heroes have been of rather exceptional character. (We are curious to see if there will be a dissipated society man in the whole post-bellum literature who will hail from any other city than New York. In American literature a man's dissipation is open to much suspicion if he comes from Cincinnati or any town other than the metropolis.)

It is curious, by the way, to see how similar our taste is to that of the devourers of dime-novels, whom we scorn. We revel in kings quite as much as they, and if our appetite for detectives is not so great, neither is our interest in the ultimate triumph of the poor but honest young man so strong—indeed, we deprecate the winning of the millionaire's daughter by the noble young locomotive engineer, though the millionaire may have begun life as a brakeman himself. "An honest man's cottage is a suitable home for any lady," does not meet with the applause it ought, amongst us who have been spoiled by living in the refined society of heroes who know their forks. Cuba will have one advantage over Zenda, however: there will always be nurses ready to wash the face and hands of the hero when he cannot wash them himself.

It is doubtful whether Cowboy Jim and the dissipated New York man will prove quite so indestructible as the heroes raised in Zenda. We fear that too often they will die in the arms of the nurses who wash

their faces and hands. This is almost sure to be the case with the society man when he happens to be engaged to some millionairess at home and then falls in love with the nurse besides. Miss Maud Howard Petersen, in *Munsey's Magazine*, has already given us one such sad case; and the worst of it is that we can suggest nothing better, under the circumstances, *than* dying. Often, however, we can hope for the best, especially if the hero is on the point of death when the nurse arrives: if we are not mistaken he always recovers then.

In Zenda the indestructibility of the hero seemed almost to intoxicate the chroniclers. They knew that they could n't drown him, or shoot him, or starve him, or smash him up, or in any way so injure him that he could not be cured by a few weeks' delicate and refined nursing at the hands of the heroine. Anthony Hope stayed with us a little while; but he soon took to Phrosoing, and since then has played the part of Venus to his hero's Hector—and has not even given him the vulnerable heel of Achilles. We can almost see the life-line tied around the hero's waist, and we know that when worst comes to worst the novelist will snatch his puppet out of harm's way. To be sure, Mr. Hope has finally killed Rudolph Rassendyl, but it was plainly a grand-stand play; and the pity is that Rassendyl is not still living resignedly in London and getting that yearly rose from Queen Flavia.

Your realistic romanticist, even in Cuba, cannot riot around so wantonly with his hero. If he manages to pull him through two or three hair'sbreadth escapes, he thanks his stars and puts him away in some safe place until he can marry him to the heroine. He knows that if his hero goes about the country squiring chance-met dames and sparing the villain in that chivalrous way, it will inevitably end in the hero's cooling his toes beneath a tombstone, instead of stumbling, in the nick of time, on the loaded gun where no loaded gun would ever be. In real life the only loaded guns are the unloaded ones, and the heroine—one needs but to run over in one's mind the heroines of one's acquaintance—marries either a villain or a fool.

Zenda is a pleasant place, and we should be sorry to see all the heroes go to Cuba. We could spare a few of them, however, very well. It has become a little monotonous to have so many register: "Hero and valet, Zenda."

KENNETH BROWN.

### A Club to Advance Art Industries

THE movement in Europe toward the application of art to industries is not new, but of late it has been accelerated by rivalry between the nations. Clearer than ever appears the need of calculating closely the appearance of manufactured objects in order to please customers in distant lands as well as those at home. For this reason we see in London and Paris and Berlin and Brussels, not to speak of many smaller cities, governments and combinations of private persons actively caring for industrial art museums, societies, and schools.

The advantages of such organizations include the actual sale of objects and increase of national wealth; but at the same time new fields of labor are opened for artists and art students, while the attention bestowed by manufacturers and foremen upon the artistic side of their products educates them and spreads the knowledge and appreciation of art through the community.

The United States have entered only lately into the arena, and find their manufactures confronted by powerful rivals. There is no industrial art museum of any size in the country: its place is taken, as regards a few objects, by the Metropolitan in New York, the Fine Arts in Boston, the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, and the Field Museum in Chicago. They are but beginnings—and all are occupied with many other questions besides that of industrial art proper. Nor have we any societies to look after the interests of our inventors and workers in "art applied to industries." A man who makes potteries or porcelains, bronze or artistic ironwork, carvings, leather work, high-grade furniture, silks, and tapestries looks in vain for such encouragement as our painters in oils and water-colors get through fine-art societies, clubs, and art dealers. It is to remedy this that the National Arts Club has been founded.

That it starts with headquarters in New York is merely a confession that New York remains the commercial as well as the art centre of the country. If that centre shall pass eastward to Boston or southward to Philadelphia or westward to Chicago, then, but not till then; a National Arts Club must shift its headquarters.

New York is also the centre of the greatest manufacturing region of the country. It has more art schools and societies to supply the trained workers and designers than any other city. It has a livelier and more critical atmosphere of art. But with these advantages go hand in hand certain responsibilities. Its proper function as an art centre is to send out ideas and activities to other cities in the Union and prove responsive to ideas and activities that start in them.

For a long time New York has been attracting artists, art students, skilled workmen from every State in the Union, but when they have obtained what education the city affords there seems no system ready whereby they can find work in other cities. There is no interplay between the artistic centre and the smaller centres. People interested in the arts belonging to other cities often come to New York, but they rarely have the connections and acquaintance that might put them at once in touch with artists and lovers of art in the metropolis.

Here then are abundant purposes a truly National Arts Club might cherish, abundant aims it might set before it. There is the encouragement of industries on which art has been expended, leaving the fine arts to the established art societies and clubs. There is the giving of exhibitions of special work, at which employers of skilled labor could see which designers and workers are inventive and talented, and artists and art students pick up suggestions for bread-winning. There is the



binding together with the bonds of a common interest the art lovers of the whole country, enabling men and women from San Francisco and New Orleans when visiting New York to find themselves in congenial atmosphere, if they are amateurs themselves, and giving manufacturers of the most varied sort ideas how to handle their products so as to surpass their rivals abroad.

To start the ball rolling in this fashion is the task of the National Arts Club incorporated last summer at Albany and now about to take its place—but a unique place—among New York clubs. As its name indicates, it is not New York's art club, for the city has in the Century Association, the Salmagundi, the Lotos, and other clubs, all it needs in that line, while of purely artistic associations for artists alone, or mainly for artists, there is a plenty. Its function is much broader. It is to bind together the men and women of kindred tastes throughout the Union. And, young as it is, that purpose has been measurably attained already.

The club will eventually have such quarters as shall be built to meet its needs exactly. Mr. George B. Post has been elected President of the club. It has a great and useful career before it and cannot fail to meet with the sympathy and support of citizens of the Union in every rank of life.

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### Lucy

I SAW amid the shadowed gloom  
Faint moonlight hover o'er a tomb,  
A lowly mound of clay;  
Near it a wild rose in full bloom  
Sprinkled the night wind with perfume,  
Though it tore her leaves away.  
No life that was not Love's was hers to live;  
Love being lost, Life had no more to give.

S. R. ELLIOTT.



## Patmos

THE blue above immeasurably deep,  
And blue around for many a shimmering mile,  
Where sky and sea unbosom all they keep,  
In open secret, to the lonely Isle,—  
Yea, as of old, when Christ's Apostle came,  
And saw, and heard—there all things are the same.

O Isle of Visions, shall there be again  
The open vision ever? Are the days  
So evil that among all living men  
None may interpret now the light that strays  
Still earthward through the thin and wavering screen—  
None says, in rapt assurance, "I have seen"?

The cloud-built City,—built of all things rare,—  
The many voices breaking on the shore,  
The trumpets that run, blowing, down the air,—  
These baffle our dull senses; evermore  
We look and listen, and remain unstirred,  
Waiting for some one who has seen and heard.

Perhaps he sleeps; perhaps the dream is on  
Of things that were, and are, and still shall be,—  
Stars, swords, white horses, piercèd hands; anon  
The River and Tree of Life, and no more sea.  
He will proclaim it, ere the age go quite,—  
Our Poet, when the Angel whispers, "Write."

For he will find in common sights and sounds—  
More keen than we to listen and to look—  
Outflowings from the vast eternal bounds,  
And he shall write them in his own new book,  
And be the prophet-poet of our choice,  
O Island of the Vision and the Voice!

SAMUEL V. COLE.



## "Deep-Sea Wonder and Mystery"\*

—Kipling

"WHALING," or "blubber hunting," as the dangerous chase of the monsters of the deep is currently known among those who follow the calling, has long awaited its chronicler. Teeming with adventure, with danger, and a knowledge of the sea such as no merchant sailor, or man-of-war's-man, or scientist can gather, the industry rose from obscure early beginnings to the days of its glory in America, and then to its decay, but it never inspired a pen until this day, when Mr. Bullen steps forward and gives a survey of all its features in a narrative whose unstudied simplicity is not the least of its many charms.

The author "shipped" at New Bedford, the centre of the trade, some twenty years ago, before the mast—a young English merchant sailor, reckless and penniless, though the horrors of whaling-ships were known then as now among all that follow the sea. Hardly ever does the man who ships on one of these floating hells repeat the experiment: he would rather starve. In fact, it is a rare thing for a "whaler" to return to her home port with the crew that sailed in her; invariably the men desert wherever possible—in the Pacific, where they become "beach-combers"; in South American ports—if possible, at the Western Islands, which are the first stopping-place for the transshipment of oil when the catch has been unexpectedly large from the start. But it is the captain's first care to see that they do not escape; hence a ship often will be at sea for over a year before touching land, though we believe that when the men's share of the catch makes their desertion profitable, they are tacitly allowed to desert in ports where other crews can be shipped. Only Portuguese seem to like the life, and to stick to it; a whaling-vessel always starts with a small crew of these people, white and black, and a large complement of "greenhorns," men who have never followed the sea, youths from the country who are deceived by the lies of shipping-masters, penniless immigrants, and the scum of American cities—thieves, and even murderers, whose track is suddenly lost by the police.

However dangerous may be the criminal element before the mast, the "afterguard"—the officers—always contains a couple of ruffians to keep them in abject terror. Whether these brutes are born or bred, we do not know, but it is a fact that no more cruel monsters are found in all this world than the captains of American whaling-ships. Mutiny is an always present possibility in their eyes, and so they start in with the principle that the men must be cowed into abject subjection by abuse and starvation. Manslaughter is not a rare occurrence on these ships. The captain is master, and if the blow with the belaying-pin has been harder than was really intended, why, he can throw the corpse overboard, and report the occurrence in his journal as he sees fit. The mate will not refuse to sign it, if he knows what is good for him. There

\*"The Cruise of the Cachalot." By Frank T. Bullen. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; London: Smith, Elder & Co.

is, of course, a chance of denunciation by the crew, but that is small: those that remain are only too happy to forget these years of horror, and to disappear the moment they set foot on shore.

Besides abuse, endless work, and abominable food, there is a fourth means of keeping the crew in subjection—espionage. The Portuguese sailors report to the harpooners—or “boat-steerers” as they are more generally called—and the latter, mostly also Portuguese, repeat to the officers all that is said and planned in the filthy fo’c’sle. Sometimes, also, the steward, if there be one, curries favor with the absolute tyrant of the ship, or the cook, who is invariably the dirtiest man on board. But even in so small a community evil is not unmixed. Generally one of the officers—American or Portuguese—is a humane man, and tries to soften the hard lot of the victims a little, but always behind the captain’s back. It was thus on board the *Cachalot*. The captain was a fiend, the mate “was a gentleman.” The third mate was a monster, the fourth a huge negro, a good sailor and a good “whaleman,” a friend to the author, and the captain’s bitter enemy. For although, in the face of threatened revolt, the officers will present an unbroken front, the dissensions among them are incessant. The captain chooses to treat them with intolerable insolence, and as a rule lives entirely by himself during the cruise. On board the *Cachalot* this led to his death at the hands of the burly fourth mate, whom his insults and taunts drove to uncontrollable fury.

We have sketched in the usual conditions on board a whaling-ship; we cannot afford the space to enter into the details that Mr. Bullen gives with remarkable clearness. He does not overlook a single point that may make the catching, “cutting in,” and “trying out” of a whale more understandable to the layman; he describes the life on board, with all its varied monotony, in all its phases, and he displays from the first a gift of observation which makes his book valuable as a record of the most complete life at sea, compared with which that on an India merchantman is but as a hurried passage from port to port. The observant reader learns all the manoeuvres of the boats, with their five long deep-sea oars, their sail, their harpoons, lances, bomb-lances, and tubs of whale-line. Therefore, when the shout from the mast-head, “Ah! blow!” is followed by the order to “lower away,” he takes his seat like an old hand, and shares with all his heart in a chase beside which elephant-hunting is tame sport and tiger-shooting child’s play. He sees the reckless courage of the officers, their matchless skill in manoeuvring the boats—he is made to realize the terrible struggle with the biggest, strongest, and fiercest creature on earth. For the sperm whale is a dangerous foe, a fighter with teeth and fins and its death-dealing “flukes”; it is an engine of destruction comparable only to an express train at full speed, and the danger of hunting it can be likened only to dropping burning matches in a powder magazine. But man does not court the latter danger, while he deliberately enters upon the struggle with the whale, the most thrilling

instance of the triumph of human skill and intrepidity over the incalculable forces of brute nature. No wonder that the browbeaten men, whose lives lie in the hollow of the hand of their commanders, learn to admire their skill, and to depend upon them—almost to love them. For whatever their faults, the officers of whaling-ships bear the brunt of the battle and the hardest and most dangerous share of the work.

A "whaler" is not built for speed; time is no object to her commander, who is, according to Mr. Bullen, invariably the greatest master of navigation the sea produces. He is familiar with out-of-the-way spots unknown to geographers; he sees the animal life of the deep as but few naturalists do, but his knowledge is unproductive because he applies it only to his calling and gives it no further thought. Familiar with all these wonders, he is unaware that they are of greatest importance to scientists, and he passes with unseeing eyes things that would enrich the knowledge of mankind. Mr. Bullen notices this indifference to everything but practical results, and he makes amends, so far as lies within his power, by chronicling his observations, which are curious and valuable from the scientist's point of view. The "bowhead," or "right whale," by far a bigger creature than the cachalot, is as harmless as the latter is dangerous, but as its oil is of inferior quality it is less ardently pursued. However, Mr. Bullen had a taste of this sport, too; in fact, during his four years' cruise he witnessed every form of the fishery, and every phase of the life. It would carry us too far to quote from his spirited descriptions of the dangerous battles of the deep, with their wild excitement, their disasters, and their final victories. We are tempted, however, to transcribe here another scene, as tender as the others are vigorous. A "humpback" whale (we refer the reader to the book for an explanation of the different kinds of whales) has been sighted, inshore, among the islands of the Pacific, and the boats have gone in pursuit:

"Dipping our paddles with the utmost care, we made after the chief, almost holding our breath. His harpooner rose, darted once, twice, then gave a yell of triumph that rang re-echoing all around in a thousand eerie vibrations, but, for all the notice taken by the whale, she might never have been touched. Close nestled to her side was a youngling of not more, certainly, than five days old, which sent up its baby-spout every now and then about two feet into the air. One long, wing-like fin embraced its small body, holding it close to the massive breast of the tender mother, whose only care seemed to be to protect her young, utterly regardless of her own pain and danger. If sentiment were ever permitted to interfere with such operations as ours, it might well have done so now; for while the calf continually sought to escape from the enfolding fin, making all sorts of puny struggles in the attempt, the mother scarcely moved from her position, although streaming with blood from a score of wounds. Once, indeed, as a deep-searching thrust entered her very vitals, she raised her massive flukes high in the air, with an apparently involuntary movement of agony; but even in that dire throes she remembered the possible danger to her



young one, and laid the tremendous weapon as softly down upon the water as if it were a feather fan.

"So in the most perfect quiet, with scarcely a writhe, or any sign of flurry, she died, holding the calf to her side until her last vital spark had fled, and left it to a swift despatch with a single lance-thrust. No slaughter of a lamb ever looked more like murder. Nor, when the vast bulk and strength of the animal were considered, could a mightier example have been given of the force and quality of maternal love."

With this quotation we must take leave of this admirable book. We should add, however, that its descriptions of life and nature on the islands of the Pacific are as interesting as those of the life at sea. No wonder that Rudyard Kipling praises the book with enthusiastic heartiness. It is just the chronicle of action, adventure, danger, and daring that must appeal to him; in fact, the book might almost be his work. Those who like Kipling will like "The Cruise of the Cachalot," which is more stirring than a novel of adventure, because it is real, and opens up perhaps the most wonderful phase of "how the other half lives." The illustrations, evidently drawn under the author's closest observation, are as true to fact as is the text.

A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM.

## Book Reviews

### The American Revolution

1. *The Story of the Revolution.* By Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons.
2. *The American Revolution, Part I., 1766-1776.* By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Longmans, Green, & Co.

THESE volumes by Mr. Lodge and Sir George Trevelyan are notable additions to the long list of admirable studies of the American Revolution. Though the two works are entirely different in style, aim, and kind of merit, they agree in one point in which agreement was certainly not to be expected. The Revolution, like any other similar event, can be judged either as a mere exhibition of national character, statesmanship, and military skill, or by its extraordinary effect upon the course of history. If the historian regards it mainly from the latter point of view he is in danger of becoming a more or less uncritical eulogist of its episodes and of the actors in them; if from the former, an equally uncritical detractor. It has naturally been the choice of most American writers on the Revolutionary period to play the first of these rôles; and we have looked, not altogether fruitlessly, to our British cousins to perform without flinching the unpleasant duties of the devil's advocate. Of these books, however, it would be difficult, as far as this point is concerned, to tell which was written by an American. In unqualified praise of the rebellious colonists, and in censure of Great Britain, Sir George Trevelyan quite out-Lodges Lodge.

In substance the two works are, as has been said, entirely distinct. Mr. Lodge has written a "story" of the Revolution (1), not a history. More exactly it is a story of the Revolutionary War. The political antecedents of the struggle, the administrative and economic problems which it called forth, and the gradual development of national sentiment and of the machinery for effective national action which preceded and attended it are touched only incidentally, and the fighting from Lexington to Yorktown is made the theme of the narrative. The dedication "to the victors of Manila, Santiago, and Porto Rico" clearly marks the military tone of the whole. Regarded, however, from the point of view which its author has thus chosen, it is an exceedingly interesting piece of work. Mr. Lodge has an excellent narrative style. It is clear and crisp, moves rapidly from sentence to sentence, and, if it sometimes degenerates into merely rhetorical glitter, is often distinctly brilliant; in a word, it is always readable, and readableness is the one essential virtue of narration. The handling of the episodes of the story, also, shows a corresponding vigor. The tale opens with the assembling of the Congress in Philadelphia, and the description of the famous delegates as they entered Carpenters' Hall, one by one or in groups, though a familiar and somewhat artificial device, is well done and serves to catch the attention and awaken the interest of the reader. From this scene one passes by a quick transition to Lexington and Concord, and from the fighting and running there to each successive act of the military drama. And one will have to search far to find a better popular version of the oft-told tale—one more instinct with life, more full of clear and vivid description, and more likely to leave upon the mind a strong and distinct impression of the whole series of events. Whether it will altogether satisfy the military critic or the historical expert may be a question. But the layman, for whom it is intended, will surely read it with delight and profit. To particularize with regard to Mr. Lodge's treatment of the various battles and campaigns is unnecessary; but it may be remarked that, on the whole, the best chapter is that which deals with the battle of Bunker Hill, called by Mr. Lodge "the reply to Lord Sandwich," who had said that the Americans were cowards. Not only is it admirable as a clear and striking narrative of the event, so momentous politically, but it gives better, perhaps, than any other brief account that has been written a just impression of the intrinsic military dignity of the struggle.

Although the military note is thus the predominant one, there are passages that deal with non-military matters, and often in a vigorous and suggestive way. The special chapter on the "meaning of the American Revolution," to which one naturally turns with expectation, is, however, the least satisfactory in the book. Its reflections are somewhat commonplace, and it stands, in every respect, in sharp contrast with the narrative parts. It furnishes, incidentally, an unintentional and amusing record of a recent extraordinary emotional change in the class of statesmen to which Mr. Lodge belongs. While administering, in a tone with which we are not unfamiliar, a severe rebuke to England for her hostility to the United States, he seems to have been checked in mid-career by her action in the Spanish war—one of the most notable services ever disinterestedly rendered by one nation to another. Suddenly, with no greater break than lies between two paragraphs, the voice changes, the brow clears, and the past is forgiven. "The artificial barriers," he says, "are down, and all right-thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic must earnestly strive to prove that it is not a facile optimism which now believes that the friendship so long post-

poned and so full of promise for humanity and for civilization must long endure." May we not, without disrespect, say that this chapter may well become historic as marking the very instant of the passing of the "tail-twister"? On the meaning of the Declaration of Independence as establishing for all time and for every land "the right of the people to rule themselves," the book gives forth no uncertain sound. It is to be hoped that in this matter Mr. Lodge the senator will, before acting, take counsel of Mr. Lodge the historian and moralist.

In Sir George Trevelyan's volume (2) are found the historical elements which Mr. Lodge's story lacks. It covers the period from the repeal of the Stamp Act to the evacuation of Boston (1766-76), and it sets forth in detail and with abundant comments on the men, morals, and ideas of the time, the familiar political events of that famous decade both in Great Britain and in America. And it is fascinating reading throughout. That its author could not write a dull book was to be taken for granted; but the literary skill with which he has infused fresh interest into his threadbare theme is, for all that, something of a surprise. The criticism, it is true, is suggested here and there that the interest of the narrative is sustained by literary devices not quite in keeping with an impartial historical survey; but the well-written sentences follow one another so easily, and they are so full of charm—of clear and brilliant statement, clever characterization, and often subacid humor—that one is quite willing to forgive the historian for any possible shortcomings from gratitude to the man of letters. The book is, in fact, as valuable a contribution to literature as it is to history.

From the critical point of view it is unfortunate that its author has treated it as a continuation of his earlier life of Fox. The part played by Fox in American affairs was not so important that it is necessary, for the understanding of his career, to recount all the details of the colonial revolt. On the other hand, if a history of the American Revolution was designed it was rather absurd to think of making Fox the leading figure in the narrative. Sir George Trevelyan has, in a word, attempted to combine, in one, two diverse topics and two utterly distinct points of view; the inevitable result is, in this volume at least, a purely mechanical injection of the biography into the history, to the detriment of both. The result would be more unfortunate, as regards literary form, than it is, were it not for the fact that the history so overshadows the biography that the latter almost disappears from sight. It must be admitted, however, that if the estimate of Fox's character given in the first chapter, and the more or less irrelevant references to him in other places, had been omitted the book would have lost some of its most delightful paragraphs. That abandoned scapegrace, brilliant and lovable man, and illustrious statesman is an ever fascinating object of study. His early career is so piquant that one almost regrets the increase of moral seriousness which came to him about the time the Revolutionary story opens. As Sir George Trevelyan says: "An epicure in history will regret the moment when he must begin to take seriously the young aristocrat who hitherto had kept the world of London as much alive as ever was the Athens of Alcibiades." Nevertheless, that moment is reached with the record of the year 1774. In view of certain well-known defects in his conversion it is an exaggeration to say that "the contrast between Fox during the eight years before he was five-and-twenty (for he began life early), and the eight years after, exceeds anything recorded outside religious autobiography." But Fox did nothing by halves. "Everything

about him, whether it partook of good or evil, was on a scale so extensive that he was regarded rather as a portent than an ordinary personage even by the contemporaries who might meet him in the flesh (and there was plenty of it) any day in the week, if they did not look for him too early in the morning." "He was a man who, when he was minded to do right, did it"; and the assertion, that "his public action between 1774 and 1782 will, in its character and its merits, bear favorable comparison with an equal period in the life of any statesman who in the prosecution of his policy enjoyed no power or influence except such as his tongue gave him," is a fair judgment from the facts. Americans, certainly, and all lovers of Anglo-Saxon liberty, have reason to regard Charles James Fox with gratitude and admiration. "Among the men of our race," to quote our author again, "in every quarter of the globe and under every form of government, as soon as a public danger is clearly recognized some one will be found to face it." And of those who, in England, faced the great danger that lay in the calculating tyranny of George the Third, Fox played the most brilliant part.

Of the book as a history little can be said except in commendation. It exhibits everywhere the care of the conscientious student, a firm grasp of political principles and movements, and exceptional ability in the effective grouping and presentation of details. An adequate judgment, however, can be based only on the completed work. But one point need be noted here. For an American to criticize as a fault that partiality toward the colonists mentioned above may seem ungracious; but the reading of the book must leave upon an unprejudiced mind the feeling that strict justice has not been done to the mother country. There is, of course, none of that somewhat supercilious tone toward the British which one detects occasionally in Mr. Lodge's work; but a more sweeping, vigorous, and effective denunciation of the Great Britain of that period, from the morals of its citizens to the conduct of its government, and, in particular, of its colonial policy, it would be hard to find. It is, beyond question, in large measure just. The morals of the governing class in England were low even for the Europe of that time, and they suffer still more from comparison with the simpler manners and comparatively austere life of the corresponding class among the colonists; while the official treatment of the colonies was, to say the least, exceedingly short-sighted and exasperating. It is not right, however, to forget that our indignation at these things is largely due to the fact that we are able to judge them by later standards and by their effects. If we look at the characters of the two peoples and the causes and events of the Revolution under contemporary lights there is much to be said for the British side, and it is good history to say it, as Mr. Lecky, for example, has done. One could wish, also, that life in the colonies had really been as calm, and pure, and sweet as Sir George Trevelyan seems to believe. The colonists were, as a whole, admirable people, they did a great deed, and one does not like to hear anything said against them. But there are some things in their life and character, as well as in those of the English of that period, which it would be pleasant to forget.

BENJAMIN E. SMITH.

### The War with Spain

1. *The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns.* By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons.
2. *Our Navy in the War with Spain.* By John R. Spears. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THOSE who have read "Gallagher," the "Van Bibber" series, and others of the same set—and who has not?—need only to be told that



the present volume is "by the same author," to ensure its being eagerly sought for. Indeed, the current report that the edition has already run up into the ten thousands is sufficient proof of its achieved success. It is not as a writer of entertaining stories, however, but as a war correspondent, that Mr. Davis now comes before us. In this character it is hardly too much to say that he has rendered much the same kind of service to his country as that performed by Dr. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*, during the Crimean War, who fearlessly exposed the wretched inefficiency of the general staff of the English army. It was that public exposure which led to the correction of abuses of long standing in the English military system. It is to be hoped that Mr. Davis's outspoken criticism may lead to the same happy results in this country. The entire campaign seems to have been, from Mr. Davis's point of view, one series of bunglings, through a radically defective military organization.

To be a successful war correspondent one must be possessed of true military instincts, and a *coup d'œil* which takes in the whole theatre of the war. It was that thorough grasp of the military situation which made Archibald Forbes's reputation as a writer from the field of operations. In this faculty of appreciating the conditions of military problems, Mr. Davis is not altogether wanting. Speaking of the objective of the army under General Shafter we are told that "it was probably the only instance where a fleet has called upon an army to capture another fleet." This is an error which the author himself proceeds to correct. He adds that on account of the forts and mines which guarded the approach to the inner harbor, our ships could not reach the Spanish ships. "Accordingly," he continues, "the army was asked to attack these forts in the rear, to capture them, to cut the wires connecting them with the mines in harbor and so clear the way for our fleet to enter and do battle with the enemy." This is quite a different proposition. "To carry out this programme the army might have landed at Aguadores, on the east of the mouth of the harbor of Santiago, and at Cabañas on the west. Each of these forts is but three miles in the rear of the batteries which guard the entrance to the harbor."

This was the true solution of the problem, as the author argues. When General Miles arrived he decided that the attack on the forts—Morro and Cabañas—was, even then, the proper method to pursue. Had that plan been carried out, and the Morro obtained possession of, the city of Santiago and Cervera's fleet would have been at the mercy of our forces and the campaign brought to an end with much less loss of life than resulted from the plan actually carried out. The Morro was the key to the situation. Admitting that the point of debarkation was ill chosen, the author shows that the entire campaign "had not been conducted according to military rules, and a series of military blunders had brought seven thousand American soldiers into a chute of death." So the general officers relinquished their command to the regimental officers and enlisted men. It was, throughout, what is termed a "soldiers' fight." The National Guard is called a "national menace," and is charged directly with having defeated the army reorganization bill (known as the Hull bill) during the last days of the first session of the present Congress. As war with Spain was at the time well within the limits of probability, the charge seems altogether too serious for credence. We all know Washington's contempt for militia as compared to regulars. The relative value of the two organizations remains unchanged, says Mr. Davis. "What the country needs



to know now is that, in actual warfare, the volunteer is a nuisance; that it always takes one regular to offset his mistakes, to help him cook his rations, and to teach him to shelter himself and to keep himself clean." This is well put, although the author does not include the Rough Riders among the volunteers, as the context shows.

One of the most serious of all violations of military rules is that of giving information to the enemy. Mr. Davis pleads guilty of such an offense. Nor is it the slightest justification that the commanding general cabled that "his lines were so thin he feared he might be forced to fall back," and that this dispatch was made public. There can be no doubt that this message was recabled to the *Paris Herald*, and at once forwarded to Madrid, and thence to General Toral at Santiago, "so giving the garrison in Santiago increased confidence and hope, and encouraging it to hold out longer against us." Such methods of conducting war cannot be too severely reprobated. But if Mr. Davis was charged with treason and the opinion freely expressed that he ought to be shot, what shall we say of the authorities in Washington who allowed General Shafter's dispatch to be made public? Of all the literature of the war, this book is certainly one of the most entertaining and at the same time most instructive books that has fallen under our notice.

This is a decided acquisition to the history of the United States Navy (2), and but for the occasional violations of the canons of good taste the book would receive our hearty approval. The object of the author was to give a truthful account of the part taken by the navy in the war with Spain. This he has done. We wish some other matters had been left undone.

The narrative is prefaced by a brief account of the genesis of the new navy. Beginning with the appointment, by Secretary Hunt, of the first Advisory Board (June 29, 1881), the gradual development of our floating force, as it appeared off Manila and Santiago de Cuba, is traced through the successive administrations of Secretaries Chandler, Whitney, and Tracy. To the last are we indebted for our powerful battleships. It was General Tracy who inaugurated what the author terms the "battleship era." As an important factor in the process of development, the author does not give due weight to the report of the select committee on "Ordnance and War Ships," of which Senator Hawley was chairman. This committee, created by the act of July 3, 1884, had for its object the inquiry as to the capacity of steel-producing works in the United States. The elaborate report submitted, taken in conjunction with the report of the Gun Foundry Board (1883), led directly to a liberal appropriation by Congress, and the placing of large contracts by the government with the Bethlehem Iron Company for armor plates and heavy-gun forgings which, before that time, had to be procured in England. Not the navy only, but the entire country was benefited by the wise policy of extending government patronage to our iron and steel industries. Nor does the author give due prominence to the very full report of the "Naval Policy Board" of 1890. This report was evidence of the enlightened and advanced views of our representative officers as to our naval necessities.

With much to commend, we regret to find errors so glaring we cannot but notice one or two. Thus on page 26, we are told that "there was a time [1865] when the American navy, in ships as well as men, was the most powerful in the world." Professional writers agree in saying that the strength of a navy is measured by its line of battle. In 1865 the United States had one battleship, the *Ironsides*, while England

had seventy-two! At the close of the Civil War we had 51,500 seamen, while the estimates for the English navy in 1865 called for a total of 94,000! The author continues. "But it [the navy] was neglected and treated by legislators as a means of dishonest gain." This is a severe arraignment of Congress and one which we believe to have no foundation in fact. But a worse degradation awaited it. "The peril of the nation [during the *Virginian* excitement] served only to invite the Secretary of the Navy to an act that was the most disgraceful in the history of the Department. He deliberately began to build new ships under the false pretence that he was repairing old ones." The truth is that the illiberal naval policy of Congress obliged successive administrations, long prior to the Civil War, to rebuild, under the name of repairs, ships worn out by continuous service.

The most extraordinary proposition is that the Naval Academy should be thrown open to all American boys who could pass the examination and would serve in the navy *before the mast* for a reasonable number of years. "We should then have crews of a grade of intelligence and self-respect hitherto undreamed of"! In these little "asides," which could well be spared, Mr. Spears must not be taken seriously. The use of slang terms is not suited to history. To call the American flag the "gridiron flag" is to bring it into contempt in the eyes of youthful readers. The habitual use of *Yankee* for American, in sober narrative, is unpardonable. The *Boston* and *Atlanta* were the names given to the two smaller boats, called steam *corvettes*. "Corvette" is a foreign word which has never become naturalized. There is no such rating, we believe, in the navy. On page 196 we are told that Admiral Sampson was ordered to San Juan to intercept the Spanish ships before they got into port; if not, then he was to *Deweyize* them, as they lay behind the Morro Castle. This misuse of the name of a distinguished officer is altogether beyond criticism.

#### Some Recent Verse

1. *Wishmaker's Town*. By William Young. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
2. *Sonnets and a Dream*. By William Reed Huntington. The Marion Press.
3. *A Book of Verses*. By Edgar Lee Masters. Way & Williams.
4. *The Seven Voices*. By J. Hooker Hamersley. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
5. *Across the Wheat*. By Will Dillman. The Item.
6. *Poems of Expansion*. By John Savary. F. Tennyson Neely.
7. *When Cupid Calls*. By Tom Hall. E. R. Herrick & Co.
8. *Yale Verse*. Compiled by Charles Edmund Merrill. Maynard, Merrill & Co.

It might readily be premised that to no unworthy acolyte of the tuneful art of verse would be given the accolade of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's approval. And so it is with all the odds in Mr. William Young's favor that we open this little volume bearing the whimsical and piquing title of "*Wishmaker's Town*" (1); nor are we in anywise disappointed in our perusal of the verse so warmly commended in Mr. Aldrich's "Introductory Note." We wish that we could believe with him in the opinion he expresses when he says, "I think there is a new generation of readers for poetry in this kind, and to them the book is commended." Our unbelief is based upon the fact that, to the generation we best know, a thing of beauty is not a joy forever. Here and there, to independent and thoughtful readers of verse, the beauty of spirit and of form which characterizes Mr. Young's poem cannot fail to be revealed. "*Wishmaker's Town*" is both out of the actual world and in it. It is the essence of life, in spiritual fact, but in local features

it is anywhere along the route of Pilgrim's Progress! The poem, composed as it is of multiple lyrics, is in this respect novel and original. In its plan of setting the entire drama of human life as if before the sensitive eyes of some unworldly yet all-discerning onlooker, we are reminded of "Pippa Passes." The toilers, the money-changers, the *flâneurs* and gossips, philosophers, casuists, students, lovers, and maidens—all in turn speak the spirit that animates them; and the Bells, whose reveillé awakens this panoramic life, in the fine initial lyric of the book, ring also the requiem-like close of the human pageant as depicted in "Wishmaker's Town." We would like to quote the lovely song of the Flower-seller, so much esteemed by Mr. Aldrich; but we can give only the lines referring to him who shall choose the "violet of the wood":

"At the thought of its bloom or the fragrance of its breath,  
The past shall arise,  
And his eyes shall be dim with tears,  
And his soul shall be far in the gardens of Paradise,  
Though he stand in the shambles of death."

Mr. Aldrich observes that the poet is the "child of his period, and has not escaped the *maladie du siècle*." But if this charge be true, it seems to us equally true that something of saving remedial character is also bound up with Mr. Young's form of the malady—whereof, in proof, we must quote the keenly caustic poem of

#### "THE TRIFLERS.

"HE.

"Because thou wast cold and proud,  
And as one alone in the crowd,  
And because of thy wilful and wayward look,  
I thought, as I saw thee above my book,  
'I will prove if her heart be flesh or stone.'  
And in seeking thine, I have found my own.

"SHE.

"Because thou wast proud and cold,  
And because of the story told  
That never had woman a smile from thee,  
I thought, as I glanced, 'If he frown on me,  
Why, be it so! but his peace shall atone!'  
And in troubling thine, I have lost my own."

Those to whom the themes chosen appeal, will read "Sonnets and a Dream" (2) with contemplative satisfaction, while the lover of artistic perfection will find no infractions of good taste. An agreeable temper of chastened joy in living and a never-absent ethical purpose pervade the twenty-eight sonnets here collected, together with the longer allegorical poem "The Child's Supremacy." Many of the sonnets exceed the average success attained in this so frequently and venturously undertaken form of poetic composition. Three or four are conspicuous for their earnestness of thought: such are "Free Will?" "Late Harvests," "The Plough in the Furrow."

There is a certain promise in the "Ode to Autumn," with which Mr. Masters' muse makes her debut in the present volume (3):

"The wind which showers wine apples to the ground,  
Blows at midday the long, pale, lunar lights  
O'er weedy fields with melancholy sound,"

—surely this wind, we think, should waft us to fields adjacent to Parnassus' slopes. But alas, our refreshment in this kind comes but at

intervals, few and far between, in the perusal of Mr. Masters' poetry. We agree with the author when he declares, apostrophizingly,

"Ithuriel sun, thy bright wand is  
That which takes away the bliss," etc.

And yet, in "A Song of Courage," we again meet with lines which suggest that if rigorous discipline and chastisement were undergone by the muse we might some future day meet her under happier auspices.

The author of "The Seven Voices" (4) has gone alliteration-mad, as witness by his "Sea-Surf Song, or Voice of the Breakers," in which, among other contumelious epithets heaped upon the helpless Poseidon, occurs this:

"Shout! sagacious, scheming Satyr, with satanic glee,"

but this sibilant aspersion is only a part of Mr. Hamersley's novel alliterative plan, which he explains in the following note: "The first three lines of each verse represent the sound of three large waves rolling in and breaking; the fourth line represents the water receding over the pebbly beach."

"Across the Wheat" (5) is a collection of verses owing their inspiration, in the main, to the "Hoosier Poet." The disciple often comes very near his master, in the matter of imitation, the dialect twang being caught to perfection; but we should recommend Mr. Dillman to cultivate his own field, independent of Mr. Riley's methods. Some poems—as "The Reapers," "The Watchers," and a few others—in this little book lead us to such conclusion.

Although the author of "Poems of Expansion" (6) speaks somewhat deprecatingly, at the outset, of

"Humble lines from one who, stalwart, calls himself American,"

it is not long that he maintains this retiring frame of mind. He is bent upon large enterprises, to wit, for example, "The Marriage of the Seas," and declares that

"We shall issue invitations to the marriage feast so grand;  
All the world and wife expected, we shall bountifully provide."

Elsewhere he has kindly celebrated a number of our own historical personages, sometimes singly, as "Daniel Boone," "Abraham Lincoln"; sometimes in couples, as "Livingston and Jefferson"; nor has he neglected "The Bartholdi Statue in New York Harbor"; nor yet is his scheme of inspirational action so limited as to exclude "The Mountains of the Moon." But it is only natural that the apostle of "Expansion" should be expansive.

We are advised by the publishers in the "Literary Note" accompanying "When Cupid Calls" (7) that "Mr. Hall's society verse is smooth, agreeable, and decidedly pleasing"; and we are furthermore informed by the poet's own "Prefatory Note" that "he who woos with a dash of flippancy is ten times more apt to win than his rival" who takes himself too seriously. And so we suppose that it is in the spirit of such conviction that Mr. Hall has given us playful verses of the sort found in his poem "The Sweeter Kind," in which occurs this "dash of flippancy":

"Nell's lips are little curves of red,  
And oh, they are delicious!  
By ginger! I would risk my head  
For kisses surreptitious!"

The quality of being "agreeable and decidedly pleasing" perhaps

reaches its acme in "The Sensible *vs.* The Sentimental," from which we quote—

"Your smile is just like any girl's;  
An angel's we ne'er see.  
And if your teeth were really pearls  
Around your neck they'd be."

Mr. Hall has facility; and could he be persuaded to abandon the pernicious theory that readers are won by "flippancy," his calling and election would be much better assured. Such poems as "The Poet," "Who Knows?" and "At the Tick of the Clock" are proof that he is capable of a more genuine contribution to song than he has, for the most part, given us in the present volume. The text is attractively illustrated by Blanche McManus, and the publishers have produced a book conspicuous for its dainty livery.

From the commingled audacity and insipidity which characterize much of the verse here under review, it is with a sigh of relief, and as with anticipation of the veritable Helicon, that we turn the pages of "Yale Verse" (8). Here, at least, are reverence towards the spirit of poesy, a pleasing amenableness to approved form, taste in selection, moderation, and modesty. Taken from the files of the various college periodicals contributed to by the students of Yale, there is, naturally, a considerable diversity of theme and treatment. We listen to echoes of Homer and Horace (how glad one may be of echoes, in place of original "barbaric yawp!"); here and there a quasi Old English ballad, of the true ring, more often the "ballade" in the manner of Dobson, a cleverly turned rondel or villanelle, with other lyrical forms less intricate in construction, are to be observed. The influence of Browning, Tennyson, and the pre-Raphaelite school greets us by turns; but we nowhere detect that of Keats (a fact which perhaps marks the passing of a poetic era). Among pieces of special grace and promise might be mentioned, "By Percee's Rill," "They Fought So Well," "Mater Dolorosa"; while very perfect in form, and touched with simple, truest feeling, we find this "Song," whose last stanza we here transcribe:

"What must be must be, little one,  
The brown hair turn to gray,  
And the soul, like the light of the early night,  
Slip gently far away."

### Recent Essays

1. *Music and Poetry.* By Sidney Lanier. Charles Scribner's Sons.
2. *In the Republic of Letters.* By W. Macneile Dixon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: Methuen & Co.
3. *An Introduction to the Renaissance.* By Lilian F. Field. Charles Scribner's Sons.

It would be easy to quarrel with much in this new volume of Lanier's (1); and yet on the general principle of taking the goods the gods provide us, it seems sensible, instead of quarrelling, to acknowledge gratefully the author's trick of being suggestive. The essays on "From Bacon to Beethoven" and "Nature-Metaphors" are the most important and stimulating. In these discussions Lanier explains his notions as regards the present pre-eminence of music among the arts and its special fitness to express the spirit of our age. The medium which music uses—sound—is less contaminated by intellectual associations than the media of the other arts; the musical sounds of a concerto or symphony with all their varying color and rhythm exist simply and solely as symbols of perpetually shifting moods, as the audible incarna-



tion of the play of feeling and passion. Music therefore, Lanier suggests, offers an escape from the exorbitant intellectual interests of a scientific age—an age that in all that pertains to the world of fact is perpetually worrying itself with the search for literal truth. Music is a refuge from realism, "a relief from the pressure and grind of fact," and affords "an outlet from the rigorous fixedness of the actual and the known into the freer regions of the possible and of the unknown." In his essay on the "Nature-Metaphor," Lanier illustrates how much more intimate is the modern sense of nature than that to be found either in the classics or in Indian poetry. The exquisite nature-metaphors in Shakespeare, for example, "require a delicacy of organization both in writer and reader not likely to be found in earlier ages than this." In such speculations as these,—speculations which he carries out and illustrates with much ingenuity,—Lanier is at his best.

A passing protest, however, must be entered against the principle he lays down in the "From Bacon to Beethoven" essay to the effect that "the Art of any age will be complementary to the Thought of that age." Surely not complementary, but rather correlative. Idealistic system-spinning went on in Germany at the same time with transcendental dreaming in art. Rationalism in thought and pseudo-classicism in art existed in England together during the eighteenth century. Materialism in French thought and Realism in French art developed together during the present century. Over and over again the art of a given age turns out to have the same characteristics as its thought, not complementary ones. Lanier's account of the relations of music and science, then, is probably not complete. The true account of the matter must find more nearly the same set of instincts and feelings and intellectual and moral needs expressing themselves simultaneously in the art and the thought of our century. The analysis of the relations between music and science made by Victor de Laprade in his "*Les Origines du Réalisme*" runs along these lines and seems much more convincing than Lanier's.

Of the other essays in Lanier's volume, "John Barbour's Bruce" seems quite gratuitous; "A Forgotten English Poet" (on Bartholomew Griffin), though interesting, seems erratic in its judgments; "The Orchestra of To-day" is an admirably clear, popular account of the make-up of an orchestra (the flute-player's ill-disguised jealousy of "the violin-tribe" is delightfully naive); and the discussion of Shakespeare in "Chaucer and Shakespeare" is good enough reading. Lanier is prone to rather flashy generalizations and he has a drolly American self-confident fashion of making a dash at difficult speculations that have long exercised the minds of theorists, as if these questions had never been raised before. But the fairness of his intention often almost justifies his audacity, and one delights in the ardency of the critic's spirit and the courageousness of his questing, even when one is least able to accept his conclusions.

Several of Professor Dixon's essays (2) are of dubious worth. The essay upon "The Romantic Revival" adds nothing new to the general discussion of Romanticism. It covers the ground adequately enough; but neither meets the requirements of a good scientific treatment of the subject nor in point of style comes up to the essay tone. Professor Dixon's essays on the De Veres and Matthew Arnold are peculiarly disproportionate in their distribution of praise. In dramatic power Professor Dixon ranks the De Veres above all other poets of the century. "Mary Tudor," he tells us, and "Alexander the Great," are more consistently dramatic than is "Paracelsus" or the "Ring and

the Book." The essay on Arnold is full of rhodomontade and fine writing, and the fact that it was written five years ago hardly extenuates such tortured decoration as the following: "The king is dead: the great peers of the realm poetic had passed away before him, and there is no head found worthy of the consecrating oil. The critical search-parties that went forth throughout all the land have returned and report that they have failed to meet a Saul . . ." In his two essays on Mr. Meredith, on the other hand, Professor Dixon's opinions, if not always convincing, are suggestive. Mr. Meredith's prose and verse, he says, are correlative. The poetry supplements and reinforces the prose. In the latter Mr. Meredith conceals his personality in a mask of irony. He never forgets the conventions of his miniature stage. In this respect Professor Dixon finds him opposed to novelists like Fielding, Thackeray, and Scott, who were so pleasantly addicted to lounging before the footlights and indulging in monologue. But if Mr. Meredith keeps strictly to dramatic methods in his novels, in his poetry, Professor Dixon affirms, we may find a grave personal revelation. "The reader of the novels is in contact with the dramatic artist, the spectator, and student of life; the poems are the outspoken utterance of the man who is himself one of the *dramatis personæ* in personal relation with the facts of the world." Between the philosophy of the novels and the philosophy of the poetry is no clash—Mr. Meredith's self-revealings do not, like their famous predecessors, the sonnets, contain disturbing elements to be explained away. On the contrary, Mr. Meredith appears both to preach and to practise a consistent philosophy of invincible optimism and strength. In his earlier essay on Arnold, Professor Dixon dwells on what he personally regards as the weakness of the post-romantic mood. Arnold, of course, sought calm in nature. To Meredith, on the other hand, nature is a stimulus. She is the nature revealed by science, eternally active and replete with individual life. And it is just in proportion to Mr. Meredith's acceptance of this view of nature and his vindication of it as vitally poetic, that Professor Dixon finds him entitled to a lasting place among poets.

Genius unallied with the critical faculty is Professor Dixon's formula for Mr. Meredith. Poetry, he holds, suffers less from the inability of a poet to be his own critic than prose suffers from the same fault. Prose is less detachable, especially the prose of Mr. Meredith's intricate novels. No volume of selections can preserve the best of his prose work; if accepted at all he must be accepted complete. In dwelling on Mr. Meredith's lapses of genius, his over-reaches of analysis and subtlety, his tortuosities of thought and image, Professor Dixon says that some of Mr. Meredith's novels do not seem "designed by their author to be read any more than the Himalayas were designed by Nature to be climbed."

In the subordination of characterization to plot, Professor Dixon finds Mr. Meredith at fault. His canvas is overcrowded with supernumeraries who detract from the centralization of interest. His very power of epigram, moreover, is a pitfall. Its abuse has led him into long arid passages of supersubtlety which clog the progress of his stories. In general, it is easy to agree with Professor Dixon's views on Mr. Meredith. But it is worth noting that in declaring Mr. Meredith's fiction purely dramatic Professor Dixon contradicts the popular charge that Mr. Meredith's characters are given to using a special dialect—Meredithese. If this charge be true then Professor Dixon is wrong in classing Mr. Meredith with the novelists who are entirely objective in their methods.

Miss Field is to be praised first of all for the conciseness and comprehensiveness of her work (3). She succeeds in posting up the reader on a wide range of subjects connected with the Renaissance. Her material is entirely second-hand, but her arrangement of it is notably methodical, and her volume leaves the reader with a pleasant sense of having acquired considerable genuine information at the smallest possible cost of time and energy. She speaks with a proper air of authority on the re-birth of the several arts in Italy, France, England, Spain, and Germany; the causes which led to this renewed activity; and the social and religious conditions of the time. The fact that she has been obliged to rely almost entirely on English authorities certainly detracts from the standing of her volume. Such names as those of M. Gaston Paris, Paul Meyer, and Burckhardt are conspicuously omitted from her bibliography. Miss Field aims obviously at the fluent, desultory, imaginative style of Vernon Lee. In her emulation of this author's highly brilliant essays she is unwary enough to be led into the use of such metaphors as this: "No height is so unapproachable, no depth so fearsome in its darkness, that it can check the bold flight of that strong eagle which we call the Scientific Method." Or this: "The supreme Emperor formed but the fitting coping-stone to the Feudal System which step by step led up to such a head." In the earlier chapters, before settling down to the serious business of the book, she indulges in considerable wanton flourish of this variety. Later, however, she fortunately appears to realize the limitations of her temperament and confines herself to what she is undoubtedly fitted for—a serious, architecturally correct statement of facts. A more brilliant mind would, of course, cope with these facts more suggestively, deducing from them new aspects, new interrelations, new philosophical truths. Such a mind, however, it must be said in justice to the author, would hardly have given the same amount of thought to orderliness or the same temperate and incontestable verdicts.

As a good general book of reference, then, Miss Field's volume is recommendable. In every instance its critical and biographical discussions deal with essentials. And when a tendency to offend against good taste, such as led the author to re-phrase Pater's wonderfully suggestive interpretation of Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," is overlooked, the book may be well and justly praised as a conscientious study of a period in need of exposition.

#### **"The Rise of the Dutch Republic"**

*By John Lothrop Motley. Condensed, with an Introduction and Notes and an Historical Sketch of the Dutch People, 1684-1897, by William Elliot Griffis. Harper & Bros.*

It is a curious misnomer, although one popularly accepted, to give the term "student's edition" to an abbreviated volume which may have value for the busy public without leisure for scholarly curiosity, but which is essentially not adapted for anyone desirous of mastering the subject. The "Rise of the Dutch Republic," as condensed by Mr. Griffis, consists of one volume in lieu of the original three, of 987, instead of 1,788 pages. Yet the difference in matter is not what the figures would seem to indicate. Mr. Motley's language has not been touched. There the editor has shown great care. The historical introduction which brings the reader from unknown times down to the abdication of Charles V. is cut to the briefest. For the rest, the elaboration of an idea is curtailed, sentences are left out so that the

sense is not disturbed nor the racy flow of language which stamped the original, injured. The long chapter headings and analyses are omitted, simple titles being substituted. Furthermore,—and this is what gives a third more page space to the text, and what destroys the volume for the student,—all notes and references are omitted. They are the links which put the reader in touch with the sources even though he does not go to them, and with them the spirit of the book must vanish for all who know it. It may please many people who would hesitate to attack the bulky original, and they will be repaid for reading it, as the narrative is here practically as it came from Mr. Motley's own hands. Mr. Griffis has also given a sketch of the author's life and a few notes of his own. Some of the latter are valuable, especially that on p. 78 calling attention to the fact that the traditional numbers of heretics in the Netherlands who suffered death for their faith, are now considered very exaggerated. The "one hundred thousand" stated as the sum of the martyrs by Grotius, and approximately accepted by Motley, is reduced by two of the latest Dutch historians to a bare thousand. This is certainly a timely reminder that Spanish atrocity may not be as black as it is painted.

Yes, Motley did indeed exaggerate in this point as in other instances. He cannot be called a judicial historian. Weighed in the modern balance, which demands no betrayal of the writer's personal opinion or natural bias, he is found wanting. But no one else has ever given the vital touch to chronicles that he gave. For America, Holland has been the country of one book. The vital interest came first. The error may be corrected later. And to Motley alone is due the interest. Nay more, it was he who called into life the new school of historic research in Holland. It does him honor and goes farther towards the truth. No other European country has been presented to foreigners as vividly as Holland to Americans. One result has been the crop of Dutch societies in whose assemblies much nonsense is talked and much over-praise given to the Hollanders for liberal ideas and democratic principles they never dreamed of. Still, in spite of some misconception, it is a nation endowed with life in the American mind, and that life was quickened by Motley's pen. If this briefer volume may make him better known, it is well worth while, but it alone could never have made its author's name a household word.

The period of Netherland history from the death of William the Silent (1584) to 1897 has been covered by Mr. Griffis in a brief sketch of 234 pages. History in so condensed a form is more than difficult, it is wellnigh impossible. Necessarily both events and persons are brought into apparent juxtaposition when in point of fact they had no relation. This gives a basis of unsoundness to the structure. The only safe skeleton of history is tabular dates, and even they must be taken with more than a grain of salt to make them digestible.

In many small points inaccuracy is evident. The *Wilhelmuslied* is mentioned as composed by Sainte-Aldegonde (p. 722). Prof. Fruin has shown that it was an air well known in Northern France which was borrowed for these words. In regard to the Dutch flag, Mr. Griffis adopts a theory that has been exploded by the same eminent authority, namely, that the appearance of the red or orange stripes in the flag was a manifestation of opposition to or sympathy with the Princes of Orange. The change from one color to another was, in all probability, significant of nothing at all, except the difficulty of obtaining cloth of orange dye. An order from the East India Company to their agent between 1620-30 calls for 600 measures of cloth for



flags, *rood of oranje, witte en blauw*,—"red or orange, white and blue." Prof. Fruin cites various other examples to prove that the two colors were used indiscriminately until the red gradually became the one in vogue from convenience, and not from antagonism to the Nassaus. That "this change was significant of the fact that the House of Orange, while honored in many ways and bound to the nation by a thousand ties of popular gratitude, was of far less importance than the nation itself" (p. 835) is a sentimental misconception of the truth.

Among other points in which the condensed narrative gives an unfair impression is the treatment of those professing other creeds than that of the Reformed Church, which gradually became the State Church, although it represented only one ninth of the population according to Prof. Acquoy. Mr. Griffis gives the Hollanders too much credit for tolerance in theological matters. Catholics were treated very harshly for a long time, perhaps naturally, considering the past, and gained citizens' privileges very slowly. In the first decade of the seventeenth century the Catholics at Delft paid one thousand guilders yearly for the privilege of enjoying their own rites. A few years later chance evidence shows that this particular congregation numbered two thousand. Thus a poll-tax of twenty cents was imposed by a government which had fought for freedom of worship!

In the matter of spelling, the author is uneven and uncertain. Sometimes he Anglicizes names, and sometimes fails to do so when it would appear to be the most natural course to pursue. The volume is profusely illustrated, but only a few portraits are satisfactory either in choice of the best original or in the process. That of Philip Sidney is one of the most interesting.

#### "The Dictionary of National Biography"

*Edited by Sidney Lee. Vols. LI.-LV. New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Smith, Elder & Co.*

THIS monumental dictionary begins to draw within measurable distance of completion, the five volumes before us embracing the names between Scoffin and Taylor. At this date it is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the general excellence of the work. It is a pleasure to deal with an undertaking carried out in such a spirit of painstaking thoroughness, and at the same time so free from pedantic dullness. It may share with "The Encyclopædia Britannica" the respect and confidence of those whose business takes them into the consultation of already digested authorities. There is about it that solid sobriety which distinguishes English learning and scholarship. To feel this, one has only to contrast these two compilations with the great "Dictionnaire Larousse," which combines the purposes of both, and yet, brilliant as it is, minute as it is, and full of pleasant reading, allows superficiality or prejudice to peep through so often that one goes about in it with a constant sense of being on one's guard.

The scope upon which this dictionary is planned makes it possible to give even the third- and fourth-rate names enough space for the life-giving details which smaller compilations are obliged to exclude, and to provide some facts about men even farther down in the scale of celebrity which can be found nowhere else in commonly accessible books. Yet it is precisely the smaller figures that one needs to find in a work of this kind, the skilfully condensed essence of thousands of little-known books. The careful statement of the sources of information appended to nearly every article makes it possible for the student



to start on the right track if he wishes to make a more extended study of any life. That such a variety of contributors should have been able to produce a work of such uniform qualities speaks well for the editorial ability exercised in its compilation; and that it calls for no small gifts Mr. Leslie Stephen has recently shown us in the account he has given of the growth of his theories of biography and of his experience during the period when he had charge of it.

We naturally turn, with our line of interest marked out for us, first of all to the names of the men-of-letters in these five volumes. There are not a few, and of the first rank. Perhaps the Elizabethan age is the most richly represented here, from Shakespeare, Sidney, and Spenser down to Stow the annalist, and to John Taylor the "Water Poet," the bibliography of whose one hundred and fifty-seven writings covers four pages, owing to the fashion of the time in titles. The first three of these names are treated by the editor, Mr. Sidney Lee—that of Spenser with the assistance of Prof. J. W. Hales, who has the authority of a specialist. But we should like to draw attention particularly to the article on the greatest of them all, which is a model of what such an article should be; and it is far less easy to write a really good account of Shakespeare within the space allowed than to furnish forth a page on some obscure worthy. It would be very difficult to pack into fifty pages more useful and luminous details of a kind well calculated to be useful to the student than those which Mr. Lee has collected—and not only collected, but set forth with an order and a skill which make them doubly valuable. They embrace not only the bare and satisfying facts of merely personal biography, but present the growth of the dramatist in the sequence and in the sources of his plays. We may note the generous appreciation of Shakespearian studies in this country—"some criticism from American pens, like that of James Russell Lowell, has reached the highest literary level," while "nowhere, probably, has more labor been devoted to the study of his works than that devoted by Mr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia to the preparation of his 'New Variorum' edition." Mr. Lee also chronicles the "maintenance on the American stage of the great traditions of Shakespearian acting" from the performance of "Richard III." in New York in 1750 to the days of Miss Ada Rehan. This article forms the basis of the author's recent "Life of Shakespeare."

While we are speaking of the editor's individual work, we may as well depart from chronological order and note an excellent sketch of Sterne by him, scarcely less admirable than the one of which we have already spoken so highly. The only contribution, however, to the literary history of the eighteenth century which we have noticed from the pen of one who has made that period so peculiarly his own, is the life of Steele, which for those who know Mr. Austin Dobson's acquirements will require no praise. Reaching the name of Scott, we turned to the end with the comfortable expectation of seeing there the familiar initials "A. L.," but found instead those of Mr. Leslie Stephen, who, in resigning the editorship, has evidently not abandoned his interest in the Dictionary, since, besides the members of his own family, he has also treated Swift at considerable length. Dr. Garnett has a good share of the literary biography, taking two names of the first rank, Shelley (to whom he gives only the rather disproportionate sum of eight pages) and Southey, and a number of lesser lights such as Horace and James Smith, Spence the anecdotist, and John Addington Symonds.

Other important articles are those on Smollett by Mr. Thomas

Seccombe, on Sheridan by his most trustworthy biographer, Mr. Fraser Rae, and on Selden by Sir Edward Fry. But a much more living and tender interest attaches to the full, clear, and of course sympathetic biography of Stevenson by Mr. Sidney Colvin, than whom no one is better qualified to undertake such a task. It contains a number of details not generally known, and will increase the impatience of all who read it for the more extended life which he is preparing. Stevenson endeared himself to those who never saw him scarcely more by his singularly winning books than by what they knew of his personality; and each fresh light thrown on him only serves to bring his lovable characteristics into stronger relief.

### "The Story of France"

*By Thomas E. Watson. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co.*

THE history of France has already been written many times, in many different ways, and from many points of view, but Mr. Thomas Watson has found still another way, and in spite of the many peculiarities of vision he has brought to bear on the subject, his is not the least interesting of the number. The author has unfortunately seen red all the time he was writing, and the red is not rose-color. Beginning with Fredegonda and Brunehilda, or even before their time, the story of France according to Mr. Watson is one long tale of woe. It literally shudders with minute details of torture and cruelty. In his anxiety to "mark the encroachments of absolutism upon popular rights, to describe the long-continued struggle of the many to throw off the yoke of the few, to emphasize the corrupting influence of the union of the Church and State, to illustrate once more the blighting effects of superstition, blind obedience, unjust laws, confiscation under the disguise of unequal taxes, and the systematic plunder, year by year, of the weaker classes by the stronger," he has lost sight of some of the other elements that go to make up history. It is amusing enough to learn that "one of the princes of the German empire addressed the friar of a convent, largely patronized by aristocratic ladies, as 'Thou, our common brother-in-law,'" but religion has done something more for France than that. The fact, which is noted, that Clovis committed a brutal murder many years after he became a Christian, does not prove that there is no good in Christianity.

France is just now staggering under a heavy enough burden; she will probably never live down her great Revolution, and she has the new misfortune of having found a historian who looks at her crimes through one end of the glass, then looks through the other to see what she has done for the good and advancement of mankind. But we do not wish to imply that Mr. Watson has ignored the part played by the French in the intellectual world. In a few picturesque sentences he gives us the touching story of Abelard:

"Abelard was a pioneer of free thought. He challenged accepted errors, threw the luminous spear of inquiry against the shield of orthodox dullness, and made it ring throughout Christendom. Along the lines of respectable mediocrity ran a shiver of alarm. The owls that drowsily sat upon the dead limbs of the tree of Knowledge woke to sudden life, and united in a startled hoot. Abelard was pounced upon and crushed. They found that he, a scholar and teacher, loved Héloïse, his pupil, a girl of beauty and rare accomplishments; and that she loved him. They found that nature and love had carried the brilliant teacher and his lovely pupil beyond the limits of Platonic affection; in fact, there was a child. Great was the pity of it, great was the sin, great was the clamour."

Here Mr. Watson cannot be accused of orthodox dulness or respectable mediocrity, though the reader may sit up and give a startled hoot. No less vivacious is his account of Jean Bart's reception by Louis XIV.: "How my Lord of Frogwallow and the Duke of Battercakes must have winked to the Marquis of Poodle-Doodle as they noted the appalling fact that Jean Bart did not wear the proper thing in laces, nor the latest elegance in wigs, nor the choicest tint in ribbons"; and of Louis's "coucher": "The Duke of Duckpuddle contended eagerly with the Marquis of Bootlick and the Baron of Bosh for the precious privilege of holding the candle while some other proud scion of the nobility pulled off the imperial breeches." Add to these gems of style Mr. Watson's facility in changing from the past to the present tense and back again, his frequent use of archaic words, such as "parlous," and his occasional dropping into Biblical language ("Now it came to pass that certain great nobles"), etc., followed by an account of a savage king boiling over with wrath, abusing people "roundly," and ordering them to be pelted from his palace with mud, decayed cabbages, stale eggs, rotten fish and dung, and it will be seen that we have no ordinary historian to deal with.

History, as written by Mr. Watson, is not an inspiring study. Oppression is its hopeless burden. After talking of the injustice of taxation and exemption from taxes, he says: "To make matters still worse, those who are exempted are those who are ablest to pay. Now, . . . let the privileged be salaried, pensioned, and sinecured, out of the tribute wrung from the unprivileged, and we have a government which will become as rotten, as cruel, as vicious, and as intolerable, as any that ever existed in the days of paganism." Our author says this always has existed and still exists in all Christian lands. "The spirit of privilege has not changed." On the other hand, he considers Louis XI. a great king, because he murdered and oppressed the nobles only, and "patriotism demanded it."

But in spite of its crimson view of events, and the informality of its style, Mr. Watson's "Story of France" is both entertaining and to a certain extent instructive. At first glance, noting the careful explanation of facts presumably familiar to even the partially educated, we thought the book had been written for children, but before arriving at the end we had changed our opinion. The author has dived more deeply into the memoirs and chronicles of some of the most scandalous times of the French monarchy than is good for the young in years only; but the untutored child of the prairie will welcome this book, written with a vigor and freshness and freedom from conventionality that are seldom brought to such a task; containing much and varied information, most of it correct; and presenting an entertaining if crude and highly colored picture of old France. The first volume ends with the death of Louis XV.

### "The Dreyfus Case"

By Fred C. Conybeare, M. A. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE Third Republic in France has passed during its long existence through three *causes célèbres*—each of them almost unparalleled in its malodorousness. The Wilson scandal was obliterated by the gigantic Panama Canal swindle; and the latter has been almost forgotten in the more recent excitement of the Dreyfus disclosures. The Dreyfus case is, indeed, the most deplorable of the three, because it demonstrates that at the end of the nineteenth century, in the freest and most en-

lightened country of Continental Europe, the fundamental rights of the individual can be ignored, outraged, and denied, not only by military dictators (the word is not too strong), but by civil justice as well. The case is too widely known to need recapitulation here, but Mr. Conybeare has rendered a real service by telling its story from its inception to its present status, which seems to foreshadow the end; for its history, as chronicled in the press, must needs have left only a fragmentary and somewhat confused impression on the mind of the average reader.

What strikes one most forcibly, on reading this account of the whole affair, is the crudeness, the clumsiness of the plot, pieced out from time to time with new forgeries, as the need of them arose, and consequently presenting contradictions that are palpable on the face of them. But more remarkable still is the strange attitude of the French people, its moral obliqueness and utter lack of reasoning power, which present a puzzle that is past unravelling now, though it may be explained in years to come by the historians of the Latin decadence. We have heard much, of late, of this decadence of the Latin races. The idea is ridiculed by some, yet it has been accepted, on the whole, without serious protest, as a new factor in the history of the world. Many explanations have already been offered—notably that of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church upon the fibre of the races in question, and, indeed, Mr. Conybeare is decidedly of the opinion that the Jesuits are the cause of the deterioration of the French character. Yet the French were Catholics in the days of their greatness, as were the Spaniards and the Italians—if the latter can be said to have had a period of true greatness in the Christian era. Therefore it would perhaps be more just to seek elsewhere for the cause of this gradual decay, the first symptoms of which are too serious to be ignored. Do not nations, like individuals, have their period of youth, maturity, and decay? Are not the Latins the seniors of modern civilization? And may they not have passed their maturity, the fulness of their power, and entered upon the era of their old age, from which nothing can permanently rescue them, though it may be retarded in some measure and even stopped for a while? The fact itself is there, unmistakable and undeniable; the moment for philosophic consideration and reasoned explanation has not yet come. It will be time for that when the result is seen in its completeness, and the interaction of cause and effects can be judged in its entirety.

Mr. Conybeare advocates the expulsion of the Jesuits as the "sure cure" for all the evils of France, and lauds her Jews and Protestants as her true backbone, the strength to which she must cling in her efforts at regeneration. Yet, if we mistake not, it was the Jews who were principally responsible for the Panama Canal swindle, and the Jesuits had certainly nothing to do with the machinations of M. Grévy's delectable son-in-law. Protestantism is not suited to the Latin races: with it they must adopt individualism in their social and political life. This they cannot do. The Roman Catholic Church, which was born and grew in a Latin country, is adapted in every detail to their racial genius, their instinctive faith in the communistic form of government, temporary and religious; and to reject it now, and take up with Protestantism, would benefit them little. The causes of their decay lie deeper, and are much more complex, than the confessional and the Society of Jesus alone. Mr. Conybeare merely paraphrases Gambetta's sensational warning, "*Le cléricalisme—voilà l'ennemi!*"

The author charges the General Staff of the French army with

causing the death of the Marquis de Morès: he had become a danger, and was sent on the distant African mission whence he never returned. The same simple stratagem was tried with Col. Picquart, but his immediate commander in Africa refused to be a party to the hellish plot, and he himself prevented his probable assassination in the prison of Cherche-Midi by his declaration in court that he would not commit suicide. Meanwhile, although Dreyfus's innocence has already been proved to the satisfaction of all the world, the last chapter of the case has not yet been written, and no one is bold enough to predict how it will end. Mr. Conybeare's story of the conspiracy is as clear as it well can be. It is illustrated with fac-similes of the bordereau, Dreyfus's and Esterhazy's handwriting, etc., and with a remarkable gallery of portraits, in which those of Dreyfus himself, of Col. Picquart, Maître Labori, and last but certainly not least, Zola, give welcome relief to the eye.

### "Truth and Error, or the Science of Intellection"

*By J. W. Powell. The Open Court Publishing Co.*

THE expert reader in whatever way he considers this curious work will surely find it interesting. In outward form it appears as a philosophical enquiry into the foundations of knowledge and the sources of error. Taken in this way it is likely to strike him as a very original mode of dealing with those questions; one that is not easy to follow for the reason that the author departs far from the accepted ways of approaching those questions. Those who may not care for a new account of thinking in general are more likely to be interested in the book as an account of how an able man with a very wide range of thought and action—a range perhaps greater than has come to any other man of our time—looks upon the problem of his contacts with the world. Yet others are likely to find the admirable illustrations as to the nature of primitive thought, which are gathered from the author's long and intimate acquaintance with the able men of our Indian tribes, a source of lively interest.

Major Powell aptly begins his book with a chapter entitled "Chuar's Illusion." In it he tells how a chief explained the tendency to draw back from the edge of a precipice by the supposition that the void below draws one down so that it is necessary to strive against it, or in the words of the author, "he reified void and imputed to it the force of pull." Let it not be supposed from the appearance of this word "reified" and the odd effect of other like privately coined terms that this story is dull. It is, in fact, most delightfully told, affording an introduction of such vigor that the reader is shot at a high velocity into the abstrusities which follow on the anecdote.

It would require the space of another book quite as large as that in hand to give an adequate presentation of the author's methods and results. From the point of view of the metaphysician, the ways in which he arrives at his conclusions are often heterodox. Moreover there are many words introduced which are either altogether new or so unfamiliar to the general reader that some pains is here and there required of him to determine the exact meaning of the matter. This feature, however, is in no wise due to a mere fancy for curious terms, but apparently to a desire for words which may not be already burdened with connotations and may thus be free to mean just what the author wishes to express.

As the book lacks an introduction setting forth its aim and the plan



of its exposition, it will be well for the reader to take up, at the outset, the summary at the end. There in a dozen pages he will find stated in a remarkably compact form the points which the author has endeavored to make. Something of the curious quality of the theses which are afforded may be indicated by the following:

"It has been pointed out that particles are incorporated in bodies through affinity as choice, and by this incorporation the quantitative properties become classic properties which, in order, are class, form, force, causation, and conception. In the development of number into class, unity becomes kind and plurality becomes series. In the development of space into form, extension becomes figure and position structure. In the development of motion into force, speed becomes velocity and path becomes inertia. In the development of judgment into conception, consciousness becomes recollection and choice becomes inference."

This may be afflicting to the metaphysician. It should, however, excite his curiosity to see just what it means. So, too, he may be moved to further reading by the statement that "we have three terms, concomitancy, relativity, and reciprocity, which in all science, and especially in psychology, must be clearly distinguished. The failure to distinguish them creates the fog of metaphysics."

The author sets forth an original and interesting view of the existence of mind in the lower realm of nature. He thus briefly recapitulates it: "All particles of plants, rocks, and stars have judgments as consciousness and choice, but having no organization for the physical functions they have not recollection and inference; they therefore do not have intellections or emotions."

What appears to be the most central idea of this work is summed up in the following statement: "The failure to distinguish between properties and qualities is the fundamental error of modern metaphysics."

The essential, indeed we may say the almost unreasonable, originality in the treatment of the subject-matter is likely to prejudice those who are accustomed to philosophical enquiry from giving this book the attention which it merits. Those who are thus turned aside by its form will lose much which should be of value to them. It is the work of a man who has labored long and well in many fields of thought and action, and even in action with much thought. Though not in customary form, the work is full of the substance of truth—of that militant truth which is ever seeking for error.

### **"Lithography and Lithographers"**

*By Joseph Pennell and E. Robins Pennell. The Century Co.*

THE portrait of Mr. Joseph Pennell as a cherub, adorned, indeed, with things like legs, but handless, and provided instead with wing-like appendages, which serves as frontispiece to his new work on "Lithography and Lithographers," is probably a true presentment of the author as his friend, Mr. Whistler, sees him. The work is divided into eight chapters, of which the first two are devoted to Senefelder—"the Cellini of lithography," Mr. Pennell dubs him—and his discovery. The last chapter is one of "Technical and Critical Suggestions"; and the intermediate chapters deal with the history of the art, its palmy days in France, early lithography in England, its modern renaissance and vulgarization. Over Senefelder and his discovery—that greasy ink will repel water and water greasy ink—we need not linger. That is an old story, which Mr. Pennell has merely retold in a very readable manner. Senefelder was an inventor, but no artist. His process was very little appreciated at home. But in France many artists of the

first rank soon practised it as a means of cheaply and exactly reproducing their designs; and several soon began to experiment to develop the inherent special qualities of the art. In this way those prizes for collectors, Raffet's "Réveil" and "Revue Nocturne," Delacroix's "Lion d'Atlas," the marines of Isabey, the portraits of Deveria, the caricatures of Decazes, Gavarni, and Daumier were produced. It is true that most of the men who pushed the art to its highest pitch of expression were "little masters," but the same is true of every art of reproduction with the single exception of etching. In England the names of Prout and Harding are inseparably connected with lithography. In Germany, Adolf Menzel connects Senefelder's time with our own. In Spain there was Goya, in Switzerland Calame. Cheapness, which was its first recommendation, proved the ruin of the art. Mechanics can produce more cheaply still than artists, especially under business leadership, and the productions of firms soon drove the productions of artists from the market. The revival, to which we presume Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's book is due, was brought about by a few artists, and can hardly be said to be widespread or very important. Most of those who have taken part in it have produced very few lithographs and of no very special merit. To the majority of artists lithography is merely a method of reproducing drawings which requires them to be drawn upon stone or on prepared paper with a greasy crayon or ink which they do not like, and the common photographic processes give as good fac-similes without any trouble whatever.

Some few care for the qualities special to lithography. Chief of these, in England, is undoubtedly Mr. Whistler, many of whose little lithographs have an undeniable charm distinct from that of his other work. In France, there are the poetic prettinesses of Fantin-Latour, the work of the poster designers, Ibels, Cheret, Grasset, etc., and that of the recently deceased Félicien Rops. In Germany there are the hair-brained but frequently clever artists of "Jugend," "Pan," and "Simplicimus."

Mr. Pennell admits that the revival cannot compare in productivity with the first great artistic period, but he thinks it may in the intrinsic value of the few good things it has produced or may yet produce. Some idea may be formed by the reader for himself from the illustrations to the book. A few of these, all by members of what we may call the modern British school, have been very well printed and are inserted as separate plates. The frontispiece, already referred to, is one of the least interesting. The lithograph by Way after Whistler's portrait of his mother is technically the most so. Others are the portrait of Mr. Gladstone in three colors on tinted paper, by Mr. McLure Hamilton, and the self-portraits of the artists, Strong and Legros. The pictures in the text, though numerous, are not nearly so well printed, and give little notion of the merits of the originals for whose sake they may have been selected. In the final chapter of "Technical and Critical Suggestions," Mr. Pennell brings up once more the old, threshed-out question of drawing on paper *vs.* drawing on stone, which he treats in his usual emphatic but inconclusive manner. "The sole advantage of the paper is portability, while the disadvantages are many," he says on p. 260. "Until lately the paper was either greasy or gummy; it was, and still is, often brittle, and it had a machine-made grain." Elsewhere he admits that drawings are liable to stretch when dampened in transferring to stone. But again, he explains that the best lithographic transfer paper of to-day is simply ordinary drawing paper very slightly gummed; and "the latest development is simply to take a sheet of ordi-

nary drawing paper unprepared in any way and draw upon it, as the chalk under pressure will leave the paper and adhere to the stone." Now, supposing the transfer to be made perfectly, nothing can be lost by drawing upon paper rather than upon stone. But this is supposing a great deal, and Mr. Pennell himself supposes it possible only in the case of the three or four printers by whose work he holds. The race to acquire fine specimens has already begun, Mr. Pennell says, and he mentions some of the puzzles which will confront collectors owing to the mixing up of the names of artists, copyists, lithographers proper, and printers.

### Two Books on India

1. *Dubois's Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies*. Translated from the French by H. K. Beauchamp. Clarendon Press. 2. *Frazer's A Literary History of India*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE first of these two volumes (1) is a picture of Hindu life drawn by one who was for years a resident in the land of the Brahmans; the second is an attempt to sketch the history and portray the character of the people of India through the medium of the literature. Each work has its merits.

The book on Hindu manners and customs is a new translation from the French work of the Catholic missionary Dubois who, during the close of the last century and the opening of the present century, spent years of his devoted religious life in India. The abbé died at Paris in 1848; his book contains one of the last and best accounts of the Indian *suttee*, or widow-burning. The pages give a graphic picture of this terrible scene which the priest saw with his own eyes at least on one occasion, and they preserve the account of the tragic enactments which reached his ears on another occasion when a young widow was immolated on the burning pyre of her dead husband. The abbé's descriptions are as thrilling as they are genuinely recorded and faithfully reported. It will be remembered that the English Government put a stop to the *suttee* about the year 1830. Abbé Dubois also has much to say about the literature and the characteristics of the Hindus; his information as regards the literature may be inadequate in the light of our present knowledge, but the record of this old and simple priest of the India of his day is of value, as it represents a stage of life that is fast passing away. The translation of the two volumes reads easily.

The idea of the second book (2) in itself is good; its purpose is to trace from literary monuments the historical development of the land of the Indus. The Vedas give a tale of the earlier life of the people, and onward from these sacred writings through the literature the writer traces the rise of the religious stage of Hindu life known as Brahmanism. Jainism, the lesser rival of Buddhism, might, perhaps, have had fuller treatment merely for the reason that less is generally known of it than of Buddhism, and this was a good chance for drawing further attention to the Jain writings. The chapter on the drama is interesting, and it contains an account of a modern production of a Hindu religious play (pp. 267-269); but lyric poetry, on the other hand, which plays no slight part in a nation's literature, seems wholly to be omitted, which strikes one oddly, as the author of the book is a scholar in the ancient languages and in the modern vernaculars of India. Of value are the chapters in which Frazer sums up the situation of India to-day and its present status, in the pages called "the fusing point of old and new." The work merits a place on the shelves of the well-equipped library.

**"The Magic of the Horseshoe: with Other Folk-Lore Notes"***By Robert Means Lawrence, M.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

AMONG the many pleasant little superstitions, never really believed, rarely wholly disregarded, are the custom of the horse-shoe symbol, the faith in "luck," the distrust of Friday as a day of evil omen, the dislike of sitting thirteen at a table, the disagreeable feeling at upsetting the salt, the suspicion of uncanniness about black cats and dogs, and the opinion that most odd numbers are more fortunate than even ones. All these popular fancies and many more are discussed by Dr. Lawrence with a wide reach of citation and illustration. He takes them perhaps something too seriously, and to most people it will sound a little absurd to find him inquiring solemnly if such amusing survivals "are compatible with a deep and abiding Christian faith." That is to put on quite too austere a countenance toward these half-jesting reminiscences of darker ages.

The horseshoe occupies most of his attention. As to its origin as a sacred or superstitious symbol he collects no less than sixteen widely different hypotheses, and justly concludes that in different places and times each of these served as a starting-point to assign magical virtue to the crescentic or arched figure for which the horseshoe now stands as a ready-made and convenient objective representation. The chapter on "The Folk-Lore of Common Salt" traces the belief in its mystical virtues from early Biblical and Hellenic ages down to the widely prevalent notions of our own day. The author believes that the superstitions about the spilling of salt as an evil omen is due to the sacred character of the condiment in early ages, when it was used as a sign of hospitality and friendship and as an offering to the gods.

The chapter on the mystical significance of numbers scarcely does justice to this curious topic. The three and seven, the nine and thirteen are interwoven so closely into most mythologies and religious rituals that their origin in these connections must be universal, connected either with some relations everywhere felt, or with some intimate and ubiquitous workings of the human mind. While noting the fact of their constant reappearance in mystical forms, the author offers no adequate explanation of it. The ill-repute of Friday he attributes to customs existing long before Christianity, and points out that even now it is not considered an inauspicious day throughout the Christian world. In Glasgow a large proportion of marriages are celebrated on Friday, and the same is true in certain parts of Germany. But may this not be a reaction of Protestantism against the fast-day of the Catholic week?

Works of this class have a value much beyond the recording of trivial superstitions. They are contributions to the psychology of man, and often throw unexpected light on serious investigations into the history of religions and rituals. The same motives, hopes, fears, underlie all beliefs in the unseen, unknown powers which control the destiny of man; and it is profitable to study these motives, in all their manifestations, however insignificant they may individually seem.

**"Introduction to the Study of North American Archæology"***By Professor Cyrus Thomas. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.*

THE study of American archæology deserves more attention than it is likely to receive. It is not so visibly in the main line of the evolution of culture as is that of Greece and Rome, of Egypt and Assyria.

Yet, for purposes of comparison, and for the illustration of the early growth of the arts, it offers material more valuable than can be gleaned anywhere in the Old World. A handy text-book devoted to it has long been needed, and this want Professor Cyrus Thomas, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, has undertaken to supply. In a well-printed and abundantly illustrated octavo of about four hundred pages he describes the mounds, pottery, stone implements, textile fabrics, and copper articles which have been examined or collected in the Mississippi valley and Atlantic coast; and the cliff-dwellings, pueblos, temples, and hieroglyphs which offer the more attractive topics of investigation among the ancient tribes located near the Pacific Ocean.

Between these two he believes there exists a strong and permanent contrast, and even claims that the western area resembles in its archæological remains more closely those of the islands of the Pacific than those of the Atlantic seaboard. This is an opinion which is as yet far from accepted by most who have written on the subject. Besides these two divisions, he makes a third—the Asiatic, which includes only the Eskimo tribes. These, he believes, occupied their historic position in consequence of a migration eastward from Alaska; in which opinion Professor Thomas acknowledges that he differs from several of the best authorities who have studied the question on the spot.

In his endeavor to connect the Pacific coast tribes with the South Sea Islanders, the author (p. 181) lays stress upon the use by both of labrets and masks; forgetting that masks were just as widely adopted by the Atlantic tribes, and that the real home of the labret is among the natives of Brazil. His effort to discover analogies with cultures other than American is a blemish in almost all works on the archæology and linguistics of our continent, and it is a matter of real regret that Professor Thomas could not keep clear of it.

The chapters devoted to the large subject of Mexican and Central American archæology compress a great deal of information into a small compass, and will give the reader a satisfactory outline of what has been learned about Aztecs, Toltecs, Majas, and the other semi-civilized peoples of that region. When the author confines himself to known facts, his statements are accurate and lucid; but when, as is too frequently the case for a text-book, he indulges in theorizing on the facts, and in drawing extended inferences, he is evidently often controlled by certain general convictions based on preference rather than on evidence.

### "Glimpses of Modern German Culture"

By Kuno Francke. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THESE papers, gathered from the pages of *The Nation*, *The Bookman*, and *The Atlantic Monthly*, are fragmentary, as is indicated by their collective title, but through them run a unity of thought and a consistency of observation that connect them much more closely than might be thought possible at a first glance. Modern Germany is in a period of transition whose outcome it is hard to foretell. The spirit of liberty of the old Teutonic races is struggling with the spectre of absolutism; intellectual liberty, the pride of all Germans, is in danger, as well as political freedom; democracy is arrayed against autocracy, and the toiler against capital. All this turmoil is reflected, of course, in the literature of the day, and it is from the literary point of view especially that Professor Francke views the situation. Hauptmann and Sudermann are the names that stand for the aspirations of the people; and grouped around them are a number of minor figures. Johanna



Ambrosius, too, has sounded a note of protest, though in a widely different key; and the socialists, who from idle dreamers have grown into a powerful, practical political party, form the chorus—the "plurality of personalities" whose combination in one person, according to Novalis, is genius.

Besides these studies of modern men and conditions, there are backward glimpses at the past,—at Leibnitz and the sentimentalists who thrived and suffered in Werther's wake,—juxtapositions of past and present that lead readily to an intelligent understanding of living Germany, her problems, dangers, and possibilities. The book is not pessimistic in tone: the author knows that the young Empire will work out its own salvation. He merely heralds the gathering of the opposing forces, the near approach of a new period of storm and stress, whose outcome still lies on the knees of the gods. The concluding paper is an interesting, if perhaps rather too highly colored, study of "Bismarck as a National Type."

### New Books and New Editions

IN a volume of 350 pages, including an index, Mr. Marrion Wilcox has given us a "Short History of the War with Spain," covering practically the same ground that previous writers have traversed. A somewhat lengthy but pertinent introduction of 35 pages brings one to the *Maine* disaster, and thence on the writer in an easy and graphic manner recounts, with many welcome details, the story now familiar to us all, justly deprecating in the pages relating to the Sampson-Schley victory over Cervera, the journalistic attempts to contrast the work of two hard-working and gallant officers, each of whom would have been the last to magnify his own services at a brother officer's expense. There is an interesting vignette of Hawaiian history, and also an account of the Santiago campaign by the late General Garcia—in fact the book is about as complete a *résumé* of the history of the late war period and of the events cognate to it as has come under our notice. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)—OPINIONS are divided even now upon William Morris and his many-sided work, and it is not rash to say that the future appreciation of him may be confined to an ever narrowing circle. To say this is not necessarily depreciation. According to his own account, Morris was born several hundred years too late for his liking. He used to say that no good printing had been done since the 16th century, a dictum that will hardly meet with general assent. That he strove to impart an antique tinge to modern forms is well known, and the ordinary reader of his poetry must in consequence be prepared to meet with difficulty in understanding it. Which thoughts are prompted by the second edition of Messrs. Morris and Wyatt's translation of "The Tale of Beowulf, Sometime King of the Folk of the Wedergeats," which has just been issued in handsome form, with an appendix explanatory of persons and places. Kelmscott Press editions are usually expensive things, and the admirers of the versatile Morris may thank the publishers for placing one of his works within reach of moderate purses. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)



IN rescuing the various papers which George Henry Lewes contributed, under the title of "Principles of Success in Literature," to the then young *Fortnightly Review* (which he had helped to launch), and reissuing them in book-form, with introduction and notes by Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson, the publisher has rendered to all who realize the seriousness and value of sound literary work a distinct service. Lewes recognized that all literature worthy of the name is founded on psychological laws, and that it is threefold in its nature—intellectual, moral, and æsthetic, and it was to the exposition of these truths that he devoted the papers here gathered together, though in so doing he never lost sight of the necessary and even dominating influence of the individual. The papers are distinguished by the candor that characterized all of Lewes's writings,

and though journalistic haste may be traced here and there, the discussions are sound in treatment and stimulating in tone and provide excellent guidance for literary ambition,—excellent because while full of intellectual vigor and moral breeziness they do not hesitate to strike a disenchanting note. (London: Walter Scott, Ltd.)—POSSIBLY the immortality of the "Confessions" of Saint Augustine is due to the fact that they stand alone among autobiographies, in that they are addressed to a divine and not to a human hearer. As Mr. Arthur Symonds says, in his introduction to Walter Scott's edition of the "Confessions": "Here is a soul, one of the supreme souls of humanity, speaking directly to that Supreme Soul which it has apprehended outside humanity"—because, we might add, that Supreme Soul has first made humanity feel that it is apprehended of it. And that St. Augustine himself recognized this characteristic of his communings is evident from his query: "What then have I to do with men, that they should listen to my confessions?" an apprehension that has gained him literary, as we hope his life brought him spiritual, immortality. Like the preceding volume, this is one of the Camelot series, and in its typography and get-up is fully up to the standard of its companions. (London: Walter Scott, Ltd.)

MODERN Italian art does not hold a very high place in the estimation of critics or of the public. Nevertheless the list of Italian sculptors, painters, and architects of this century contains some names of importance. Canova is not yet forgotten, nor is he likely to be. And Giovanni Dupré and Lorenzo Bartolini are names to which a certain renown is attached. In painting Morelli and Michetti have their admirers, and it should not be forgotten that de Nittis, the father of French impression, was an Italian, nor that Rossetti was of Italian parentage and much influenced, as it appears, by that Italian pre-Raphaelism or Romanticism which was started in Rome by Overbeck and his companions. Boldini, also, is Italian, though decidedly French in manner, and Segantini's broadly painted landscapes, and Monticelli's fantasies are known to most lovers of painting. The monumental work of Boito, Cagnola, Poletti, and de Fabris will stand comparison with that of any modern school of architecture. Of these and of many other less known men Mr. Ashton Rollins Willard writes agreeably in his "History of Modern Italian Art." He shows that a more generous attitude ought to be taken towards men "who, in the face of many discouragements, have so bravely struggled to redeem the art of the peninsula from the reproach that has been cast upon it." He has the field practically to himself, and it will hardly pay another to glean where he has reaped. His book, of close on six hundred pages, is illustrated by well executed photogravures and half-tone plates, printed separately from the text. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

"POOR HUMAN NATURE," a recent "musical novel," by Elizabeth Godfrey, differs from Jessie Fothergill's "First Violin" in the quality of its plot. In other regards the two stories resemble each other sufficiently to make it more than probable that the numerous admirers of the earlier book will find pleasure in the later one, which tells the history of an operatic tenor at one of the smaller German opera houses, of his marriage to the peasant girl he courted in the days of his obscurity, and of his subsequent love for the English prima donna. The story ends tragically, notwithstanding Cupid's victory. Putting aside the story, we can say that the picture of the artist's life, with its triumphs and disappointments, its *chiques*, jealousies, intrigues, and backbiting is vividly drawn, if not always pleasant to behold. On the other hand, its best side—the high endeavor and true friendly mutual support and aid are not neglected. This, the "professional" side of the book, shows a thorough knowledge of her subject on the part of the author. We do not hesitate, however, to state, heartless as it may seem, that a tenor who risks his voice in rescuing a disobedient boy from the ice, though a hero in fiction, would in real life be not only considerably of a fool, but also a good deal of a criminal. There be boys many, and tenors few. Possible bystanders are earnestly requested to check, forcibly if necessary, this humanita-

rian impulse in tenors when they observe it, and to risk their own less valuable voices instead. Nor should they forget to give the boy a hearty dressing-down after rescuing him. "Poor Human Nature" may be recommended to all interested in operatic life. (Henry Holt & Co.)

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"AMERICAN PROSE," edited by Prof. G. R. Carpenter, is a work on the same plan as Craik's "English Prose" and Ward's "English Poets," and well deserves a place on the same shelf with those excellent compendiums. Twenty-five authors are represented, beginning with Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, and ending with George William Curtis and Francis Parkman. Four national Presidents are included: Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Grant; with as many poets who have written notable prose—Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Whitman. Emerson and Poe will rather be called prose writers who have written some notable verse. Of the historians we have Prescott, Motley, and Parkman; and the other authors in the list are Franklin, Tom Paine, Charles Brockden Brown, Webster, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Curtis, and Mrs. Stowe, the one woman admitted to the honorable company. The critical introductions to the several authors are by Col. Higginson, Professors Peck, Matthews, C. F. Richardson, and C. E. Norton, with Edward Everett Hale, Howells, Hamlin Garland, John Fiske, and others. The aim in selecting from the works of the authors has been, as the editor tells us, "not so much to indicate their relative rank as to give a clear impression of the range and character of each author's production, and, in some cases, of the degree to which he expressed dominant records of national feeling." No extracts are given from Holmes, on account of "the singular unwillingness of the publishers" to allow it, according to the statement in the preface; but from what we personally know of the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in many similar cases, we are confident that there must have been some special reason for their course in this exceptional instance. The book contains nearly five hundred pages, and is brought out in style uniform with the works of Craik and Ward mentioned above. (Macmillan.)

## Publications Received

### Fiction

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|---|----------------------------|
| Burnham, Clara Louise. <i>A West Point Wooing</i> . \$1.25.                       | Houghton, Mifflin & Co.    |
| Cable, George W. <i>Strong Hearts</i> . \$1.25.                                   | Chas. Scribner's Sons.     |
| Caine, Hall. <i>The Scapegoat</i> . \$1.50.                                       | D. Appleton & Co.          |
| Davis, M. E. M. <i>The Wire Cutters</i> . \$1.50.                                 | Houghton, Mifflin & Co.    |
| Dickens, Chas. (Ed. by Andrew Lang.) <i>The Mystery of Edwin Drood</i> . \$1.50.  | Chas. Scribner's Sons.     |
| Elliott, Sarah Barnwell. <i>An Incident and Other Happenings</i> . \$1.25.        | Harper & Bros.             |
| Findlater, Jane H. <i>Rachel</i> . \$1.25.  | Doubleday & McClure Co.    |
| Fish, Williston. <i>Short Rations</i> . \$1.25.                                   | Harper & Bros.             |
| Haggard, H. Rider. <i>Swallow</i> . \$1.50.                                       | Longmans, Green & Co.      |
| Hains, T. Jenkins. <i>The Wind Jammer</i> . \$1.25.                               | J. B. Lippincott Co.       |
| Hornung, E. W. <i>The Amateur Cracksmen</i> . \$1.25.                             | Chas. Scribner's Sons.     |
| Howells, W. D. <i>Ragged Lady</i> . \$2.75.                                       | Harper & Bros.             |
| Jokai, Dr. Maurus. (Trans. by R. Nisbet Bain.) <i>A Hungarian Nabob</i> . \$1.25. | Doubleday & McClure Co.    |
| King, Capt. Charles. <i>A Trooper Galahad</i> .                                   | J. B. Lippincott Co.       |
| Mason, Mrs. Caroline Atwater. <i>A Wind Flower</i> . \$1.                         | American Baptist Pub. Soc. |
| Norris, Frank. <i>McTeague, A Story of San Francisco</i> . \$1.50.                | Doubleday & McClure Co.    |
| Oxenham, John. <i>God's Prisoner</i> . \$1.25.                                    | Henry Holt & Co.           |
| Raymond, Walter. <i>Two Men o' Mendip</i> . \$1.25.                               | Doubleday & McClure Co.    |
| Robertson, Harrison. "If I were a Man," 75c.                                      | Chas. Scribner's Sons.     |
| Skinner, Henrietta D. <i>Espiritu Santo</i> . \$1.25.                             | Harper & Bros.             |
| Sutcliffe, Halliwell. <i>Ricraft of Withens</i> .                                 | D. Appleton & Co.          |
| Thackeray, W. M. <i>The Adventures of Philip</i> .                                | Harper & Bros.             |
| Van Arkel, Garret. <i>And Then Came Spring</i> .                                  | E. R. Herrick & Co.        |
| Watanna, Onoto. <i>Miss Nume of Japan</i> . \$1.25.                               | Rand, McNally & Co.        |

### History and Biography

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|--|------------------------|
| Alexander, Sir John Arbuthnot. <i>Lord Clive</i> . \$1.50.                       | Longmans, Green & Co.  |
| Barrows, D. D., John Henry. <i>The Christian Conquest of Asia</i> . \$1.50.      | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Bolton, Sarah Knowles. <i>The Story of Douglas</i> .                             | T. Y. Crowell & Co.    |
| Bonney, T. G. <i>Volcanoes</i> .   | G. P. Putnam's Sons.   |
| Browning, Robert and Ellenbath Barrett Barrett. <i>Letters of</i> . 2 vols. \$5. | Harper & Bros.         |

- Hewlett, Maurice. *Earthwork out of Tuscany*. \$2.  
 Hill, Constance. *Story of the Princess Des Ursins in Spain*.  
 Landon, W. S. *The Private Letters of*. Ed. by Stephen Wheeler.  
*Martyrdom of an Empress, The*. \$2.50.  
 Masson, Rosaline. *Follok and Aytoun*. 75c.  
 Milley, John D. *In Cuba with Shafter*. \$1.50.  
 Müller, F. Max. *Remakrishna*. \$1.50.  
 Newson, Sidney C. *Burke's Speech*. 25c.  
 Oiler, William, M.D. *The Problem of Typhoid Fever in the United States*.  
 Parkman, Francis. *Montcalm and Wolfe*. Part Seventh, 3 Vols.  
 Peck, Charles H. *Jacksonian Epoch, The*. \$2.50.  
 Segur, Le Comte de. *La Retraite du Moscou*. 25c.  
 Symonds, John Addington. *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece*. Vol. III. \$2.  
 Tyskiewicz, Count Michael. (Trans. by Mrs. Andrew Lang.) *Memories of an Old Collector*.  
 Longmans, Green & Co.

## Poetry

- Finck, Bert. *Pebbles*.  
 Frothingham, Ellen. *Poems of Theresé*. 75c.  
 Gore-Booth, Eva. *Poems*. \$1.75.  
 Samuels, E. *Shadows, and Other Poems*. \$1.25.  
 John P. Morton & Co.  
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 Longmans, Green & Co.  
 Longmans, Green & Co.

## Miscellaneous

- Aston, W. G. *A History of Japanese Literature*.  
 Bain, Charles W. (Ed. by.) *Odyssey, Book VII*.  
 Bardeen, C. W. *Authors' Birthdays*. (Second Series.)  
 Boyer, Ph. D., Charles C. *Principles and Methods of Teaching*. \$1.50.  
 Boylan, Grace Duffie. *Hosanna and Huzzah*. 25c.  
 Bradford, Gamaliel. *The Lesson of Popular Government*. Vols. I. and II. \$4.  
 Call, Richard Ellsworth. *Ichthyologia Ohiensis*. \$4.  
 Cameron, Arnold G. *Goncourt Selections*.  
 Carus, Dr. Paul. *The Ethical Problem*. 50c.  
 Century Magazine, Bound. May '98 to Oct. '98.  
 Cornish, C. J. *Animals of To-day, etc.* \$1.75.  
 Craft, Mabel Clare. *Hawaii Nel*. \$1.50.  
 Dicos, Arthur. *The New Far East*. \$3.50.  
 Druca, D. D., A. B. *Epistle to the Hebrews*. \$2.50.  
 Encyclopædia of Sport, The. Vol. II. \$10.  
 Fairbairn, A. M. *Catholicism: Roman and Anglican*. \$2.  
 Fisk, Amos Kidder. *The West Indies*.  
 Fontaine, B.L., L.D., C. *La Tulipe Noire*. 40c.  
 Gibson, Edgar C. *The Book of Job*. \$6.  
 Henderson, W. J. *Orchestra and Orchestral Music*. \$1.25.  
 Herford, C. H. (Ed. by.) *The Works of Shakespeare*. \$1.50.  
 Herron, Geo. D. *Between Cæsar and Jesus*. 75c.  
 Hewett, Waterman T. (Ed. by.) *A German Reader*. \$1.  
 Hudson, William Henry. *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*. 40c.  
 Jekyll, Gertrude. *Wood and Garden*.  
 Lemmon, George T. *The Eternal Building*. \$1.50.  
 Litchfield, Mary E. *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*.  
 Merrill, Fred L. H. *Bulletin of the New York State Museum*. 40c.  
 Saintsbury, Prof. *Periods of European Literature: 14th Century*. \$1.50.  
 Schubert, Hermann. (From the German by Thos. J. McCormack.) *Mathematical Essays and Recreations*.  
 Scribner's Magazine, Bound. Jan. to June '98.  
 Smith, H. P. *Commentary on Books of Samuel*. \$3.50.  
 Stubbs, G. Edward. *How to Sing the Choral Service*.  
 Taylor, Una. (Ill. by Henry J. Ford.) *Early Italian Love Stories*. \$5.  
 The Bookman. Vol. VIII.  
 Thomas, Flavel S. M.D. *A Dictionary of University Degrees*.  
 Truethood, Benjamin F. *The Federation of the World*. \$1.  
 Van Dyke, Rev. Henry. *The American Birthright and the Philippine Pottage*.  
 Walther, Johannes. *Allgemeine Meereskunde*. (Ed. by Susan Adelaide Sterling.)  
 D. C. Heath and Co.



